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LEADING MEMBERS OF THE LAND LEAGUE NOW ON TRIAL.

"You cannot imprison a nation!"—*Parnell.*



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M. P.



MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.



MR. J. G. BIGGAR, M.P.

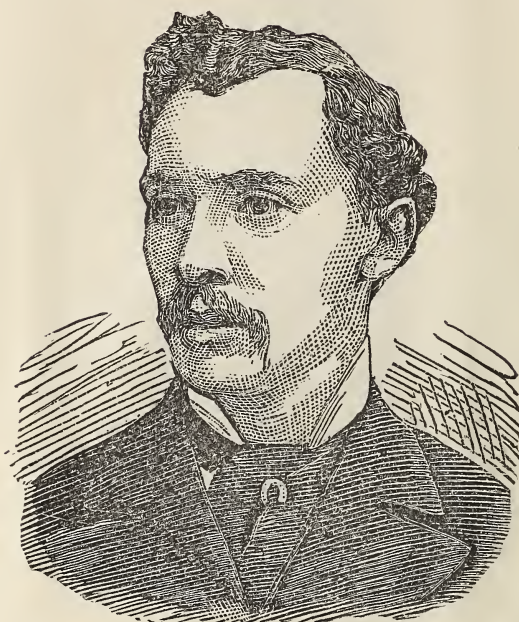




MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P.



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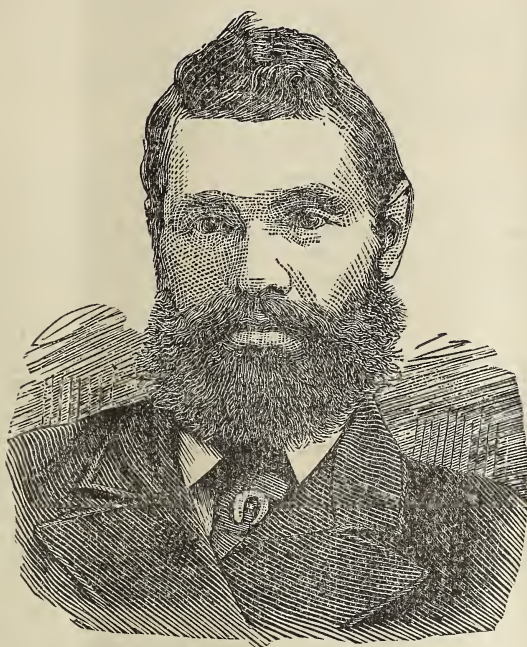


MR. THOMAS BRENNAN.



MR. PATRICK EGAN.





MR. MALACHY O'SULLIVAN.



MR. T. M. HEALY.

## CHAS. S. PARNELL.

The record of his life is to-day on the lips of every man of intelligence in the world, and can be repeated by the very school children whom you meet along the street. The part of his experience that has made him a central figure in the world's history to-day does not cover more than two years, and dates about the beginning of the Anti-Rent crusade in Mayo.

## MR. JOHN DILLON,

Son of one of the '48 men, J. B. Dillon, is M. P. for Tipperary, and is 29 years old. He is a graduate of the Catholic University of Ireland, and accompanied Mr. Parnell to America last year and remained after him in the capacity of representative of the Land League until the arrival of Michael Davitt, when he returned to take his seat in Parliament. He is a physician by profession, and, like Mr. Parnell, is unmarried.

## JOS. G. BIGGAR

Is M. P. for Cavan, for which county he has sat since 1874. He is a banker and merchant of Belfast, aged 52. In general Irish politics he was quite unknown till his election, but he soon became conspicuous as the strenuous leader of Mr. Parnell in his active policy in the House of Commons.

## T. D. SULLIVAN

Is editor of the *Dublin Nation*, M. P. for Westmeath, 53 years of age, married, and younger brother of A. M. Sullivan. He is a poet of no mean gifts, and some of his verses have attained wide-spread popularity. Mr. Sullivan is a Bantry man by birth.

## THOMAS SEXTON

Was returned to Parliament from Sligo on the Land Agitation platform against the second largest landlord in Ireland, King-Harman, at the last election. He is son of the late Mr. Sexton, of Waterford, is a journalist, and an active Land League agitator. He is aged 32, and unmarried.

## THOS. BRENNAN

Occupies with Davitt the position of Secretary of the Land League. One of the most advanced and most uncompromising of all the men in Ireland, he holds a high place in the affections of the people. He is a man of ability, a speaker of fine powers, and somewhat like Parnell in style. He is about 27 and unmarried.

## MR. P. EGAN

Occupies the responsible position of Treasurer of the Land League, and already thousands of pounds have passed through his hands. He is a miller and merchant of high commercial position in Dublin, is 40 years of age, married, and has for years been active as an Irish National politician. He has been one of the executive members in Dublin from the first.

## M. MALACHY O'SULLIVAN,

Aged twenty-five, unmarried, is the under-secretary of the League. An incident connected with him exhibits the farcical character of the prosecutions. He was described in the information as 'Malachy,' which is not his real name, and he refused to accept service on this ground. This seems to have caused some consternation at the Castle; for later in the day a messenger from that place of power called on Mr. O'Sullivan to say that the Attorney-General sent Mr. O'Sullivan his compliments, and would be very much obliged to him for his Christian name. He is, like Mr. Brennan, a farmer's son, and a native of Cahirciveen, county Kerry.

## T. M. HEALY

Is private secretary to Parnell, and though hitherto a stranger in Irish politics, and nearly entirely unknown in Wexford until some weeks ago, he was elected to Parliament for that town without opposition, to fill the seat made vacant by the death of Mr. Redmond. He has neither lands nor fortune, and is but 26.



## THE ORPHANS; OR, THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of "the devil and all his works," had not his path been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghost, goblin, or the whole race of witches, and that was—a woman.—*Washington Irving.*

### CHAPTER XI.

#### AFTER.

IT is the middle of the afternoon. Miss Hariott, in garden gloves and hat, is busy among her rose bushes and verbena beds and heliotrope, and pruning, weeding, tying up. It is the day after the party, soft, pale, sunless day, the gray sea melting into the fleecy, gold-gray sky, and a pale dim haze veiling the land. Miss Hariott hums a tune to herself as she works, when the click of the little garden gate reaches her, and looking up she sees Miss Landelle the younger. Miss Hariott drops basket and garden shears, and approaches to greet her guest.

"My dear mademoiselle——"

"My name is Reine," interrupts the young lady, with that brilliant smile of hers.

"And Reine is queen. Well, you look like a Little Queen last night. You do always. I shall call you that."

"Go on with your work, madame," says Reine, dropping into a rustic chair, "and please don't flatter. Compliments and daylight never go well together. What a pretty garden—what a pretty little house this is."

"A doll's house, my dear, but big enough for one old maid and her waiting woman. I am glad you have found me out, Little Queen. I was thinking of you as you came up."

"Thinking what?"

Miss Hariott smiles as she draws on her gloves, and resumes basket and scissors.

"I am afraid it would hardly do to tell you just yet. It might be premature," she answers, snipping away industriously, "but something pleasant all the same."

She has been thinking of her friend, Mr. Longworth, and Mrs. Windsor's second granddaughter, after the fashion of match-making women; but some-

thing in the pale, serious look of the young lady's face makes her realize that the association of ideas might not be agreeable.

Miss Hariott's snipping and clipping goes on, mademoiselle sits and looks at her, her hat in her lap, with tired, sombre eyes.

"Little Queen," Miss Hariott says, suddenly pausing in her work, "how pale you are, how weary you look. What is it?"

"Am I pale? But that is nothing. I never have colour. And I suppose I am tired after last night. I am not used to dissipation and late hours."

"Three o'clock is not so very late."

"It is for me. I have been brought up like a nun. Except when Aunt Denise took me two or three time to England, to visit papa, I hardly ever spent an evening out. At home, my music and my other little studies, little birthday fetes, and trips away with my aunt, filled all the hours. So I suppose very mild dissipation like that of last night tells."

"How is your sister to-day? Does she bear it better?"

"Much better; but Marie is used to it. She knew many people, very great people too, in London," Reine says, with a touch of sisterly pride, "and went out a great deal. Marie makes friends go where she will."

"With that lovely face of hers, to make friends must indeed be easy."

"You think her lovely, madame?"

"Can there be any two opinions on that subject, my dear? I think it is the most beautiful face I ever saw out of a frame."

Mademoiselle smiles, and her dark eyes, not as brilliant as usual this afternoon, light. Praise of her sister is evidently the short cut to Reine Landelle's heart. No touch of envy for that superior loveliness, it is quite evident, mingles with the boundless admiration she feels for that elder sister.

"I think the angels must look like Marie," she says, quite simply, "with golden hair and yellow-brown eyes, as Old Italian artists paint the Madonna. Mees Hariott, how happy you ought to be all by yourself in this pretty little house."

"Ought I? Most people's idea of

happiness does not consist in being all by themselves in any kind of house. But you are right, *Petite Reine*, I am happy. My life has had its drawbacks, many and great, but it has had its blessings, many and great also."

"The friendship of Monsieur Longworth, chief among them, I suppose?" says *mademoiselle*, with a speaking shrug.

"The friendship of Mr. Longworth chief among them, my dear. You don't like Mr. Longworth?"

"I know nothing about him," says *Reine*, a touch of scorn in her tone, "only that you all—all you ladies—seem to pet him, and do him honour, and consult him, and obey him. He is a very great personage in this little town, is he not? Not to know Monsieur Longworth is to argue one's self unknown."

"A very great personage?" repeats Miss *Hariott*. "Well, that depends upon your definition of greatness. He is a clever man, a sensible man, a *good* man. If these qualities constitute greatness then he is great."

"How is he clever? What does he do?"

"Oh! innumerable things. He has written poetry," says Miss *Hariott*, with a repressed smile; "he has written a novel; and both have been hopeless failures, my dear. He delivers most eloquent lectures on occasions, he is editor and proprietor of the principal journal of *Baymouth*, and finally he is, and will continue to be, one of the rising men of the age!"

"A triumphant knight of the goose-quill, in short, in the bloodless realms of pen and ink, without fear and without reproach!"

"*Mademoiselle Reine*, why do you dislike Mr. Longworth?"

"*Mees Hariott*, why do you like him? None of these things are any reason why. I think he is a meddler and a busybody—I think he is consulted by people old enough to know their own minds, and I think he impertinently sits and gives advice with a *Jove-like* loftiness from which there is no appeal. I have read *Dickens*, *madame*, and I think your learned and literary friend has moulded himself upon Monsieur *Pecksniff*. Can you tell me why *Madame*

*Windsor* thinks him first and best of all the men in the world?"

Miss *Hariott* suspends work and looks at her. Some one else stands still and looks, and listens too—an auditor unseen and unbargained for. It is Longworth. Finding the garden-gate ajar, as *Reine* left it, he enters and comes close upon them unseen and unheard. If ever the temptation to play eavesdropper was strong to excuse the deed, it is surely strong enough here.

"Let me see myself as others see me for once," he thinks, and coolly stands still and waits for Miss *Hariott's* reply.

"Why?" cries *Reine Landelle*; "tell me if you can, why she, so haughty, so scornful, so imperious, should bow to his fiat as though he were a god?"

"Ah! that is it," Miss *Hariott* says to herself. She has ceased work altogether, and stands listening to this sudden outbreak in amazement. "My dear child, do you not know? Have you never heard the name of *George Windsor*?"

"Often. He was *mamma's* brother, and was drowned. I wish he had not been with all my heart."

"Why?"

"Because then we should never have been here. But what of him?"

"Longworth is very like him. It is only a chance resemblance, but it is really very striking. And for her dead son's sake *Mrs. Windsor* is fond of Longworth. My dear, your grandmother may seem a little hard and cold to you, a little too tender to this man, but when you think of the reason you must pity her."

"I do not know that I do. When her son was taken her daughter was left. Does it not strike you that she, not this stranger with the chance resemblance, should have been the comforter?"

"Little *Queen*, if we only look at the right and wrong of things——"

"How else should we look at them? Listen here, *madame*."

The girl sits erect, passionate anger in her voice, passionate fire in her eyes.

"You see us here, my sister and myself. Do you think *Madame Windsor* ever asked us to come? You know better. You know what she was to my mother—cold, loveless, unmotherly, unforgiving to the last. Was she likely, then, to relent to my father's daughters?"



I say you know better. We came unasked—we forced ourselves upon her. Do you know what she meant to do? She meant to meet us at New York and send us back—back in shame and ignominy. She made her will, and gave our birthright to this stranger. Without consulting him, this wise man, this infallible judge, she will not even thrust her granddaughters from her door. And he—oh, he is good, and upright, and great, as you say, my friend. He says—

“No, no, you must not; it would not be right. You must let these poor girls come, you must give them a home, and I will not take your home—it is theirs, not mine.”

“Oh, he is indeed generous and noble with that which is none of his. So we come. We owe it to your friend that we are here—that we have a roof to cover us, food to eat, clothes to wear. And I burn with shame, and rage, and humiliation whenever I see him, and feel his kingly, compassionate look upon me, the pauper he has saved from beggary and——It is wicked, I know, and unjust, if you like, but I will hate him for it my whole life long.”

“Good heavens above!” says Miss Hariott. She stands, basket in one hand, shears in the other, a petrified listener.

The girl has not risen, but she sits upright as a dart, her small hands clenched, her eyes aflame with passionate anger and scorn. All this has been burning within her since the night of her arrival, and must come out. Perhaps Marie is right, and Aunt Denise has not judiciously trained the girl. A violent and undisciplined temper appears, certainly, to be one of her prominent gifts.

Longworth stands listening to every word. If they turn their heads ever so slightly they must infallibly see him; but both are too observed. For him, the picture he sees he never forgets. The small, slight figure sitting in the garden chair, in its grey dress, a knot of crimson ribbon at the throat, another in the hair—for even these details he takes in—and the impassioned, ringing voice that speaks. The words he hears remain with him for ever—his portrait as Mademoiselle Reine sees him.

There is a pause after her last words. Miss Hariott, her face very grave, breaks it.

“Mademoiselle, you are cruelly unjust!”

“Ah, he is your friend!” breaks in mademoiselle, with scorn.

“If he were not, if he were the most utter stranger, I would still maintain it—you are cruelly unjust to Mr. Longworth. Yes, he is my friend—my friend, tried and true, of many years—and I know him to be incapable of one sordid thought or action—a thoroughly generous and honorable man. He spoke to your grandmother as I would have done in his place, only I could never have spoken one-half so well; and in renouncing your fortune, let me tell you, mademoiselle, he has done what not ten men out of a thousand would have done.”

“Do I deny it? Do I not say he acted generously and well? You talk like Marie, as if I doubted it. Good heavens, I say from first to last he is the grandest of men, and I detest him!”

“That I regret. You will one day see its injustice, however. I am glad your sister is disposed to be more fair. I thought something had prejudiced you against him, but I did not dream it was as bad as this. I am more than sorry—I had hoped you would be friends.”

“My good or bad opinion can matter nothing to a gentleman who has such hosts of warm advocates,” says Mdle. Reine, stooping to pick up her hat. “I ought not to come and say such things to you, and show you my horrid temper; but I know nobody, and I am only a girl and cannot help it. We are all alone in the world; she is our only parent or relative, and it seems hard—oh, how hard to be indebted to a stranger for the cold charity she gives, scorning us all the while. You see what a senseless creature I am, madame, for you are my only friend, and I risk the loss of your friendship by speaking in this way of the man you like. But do not withdraw that friendship or I shall be poor indeed, and in spite of all this I want you to like me a little.”

She is smiling, but there are tears in her eyes. Miss Hariott takes the hand she extends in both her own, and stoops and kisses the low, broad forehead.

“Little Queen,” she says, “did I not tell you before I fell in love with you at sight on board the *Hesperia*. I am more in love with you to-day than ever,

unreasonable, prejudiced little mortal that you are. I like honesty, and you are honest. I like people to think for themselves, and you do that with a vengeance. But still, I repeat and maintain, you are cruel and unjust to Laurence Longworth.

"I think Monsieur Longworth is here," says Reine, suddenly.

She has chanced to glance round and see him standing there, not three yards off, examining the long yellow buds of a tea-rose. She turns quite white for a moment, and her face takes a startled look; the next instant a flash of proud defiance leaps into her eyes. She faces him resolutely, with lips compressed.

"You have heard every word," that fiery glance says; "you know how I scorn and despise you, and I am glad of it."

"Good afternoon, ladies," says Mr. Longworth, placidly, taking off his hat. "I trust I see you both well after the fatigue of last night?"

Neither speaks. Miss Hariott measures with her eyes the distance at which he has stood, and thoroughly as she is accustomed to his cool audacity—or, as Frank puts it, "the stupendous magnificence of his cheek,"—on this occasion it for the first instant renders her dumb. The pause grows so embarrassing that Reine rises to go.

"Mademoiselle," the gentleman says, "if my coming hastens your departure, Miss Hariott will have reason to regret my very ill-timed visit."

"Your coming does not influence my departure in the least," responds mademoiselle, coldly and proudly. "Mees Hariott,"—she turns to that lady, a laugh in her eyes—"you cannot imagine how much good my visit has done me. I go away with conscience lightened and a mind relieved, and I will return to-morrow, and all the to-morrows, if you will let me. Until then, give me one of your roses as a souvenir."

"I wonder you care to have it. Mrs. Windsor's specimens are the finest in the country round."

"They are not half as sweet as these. Adieu, then, madame, until we meet again."

She passes Mr. Longworth in silence, with a stately little bow. Mr. Longworth, also in silence, gravely and pro-

foundly responds. Miss Hariott goes with her guest to the gate, and when she returns, finds Longworth comfortably in the chair the young lady has just vacated, and (need it be said?) lighting the inevitable cigar. With sternest majesty in her eye, the lady faces him.

"Laurence Longworth, how long had you been standing eavesdropper there?"

"Let me see," says Longworth, and pulls out his watch. "I can tell you to a minute. I opened your gate at twenty minutes to four, now it is five minutes past. I must have been standing there examining that yellow rose (the rose-worms are at it, by the way) full twenty-five minutes. But was it eavesdropping, Miss Hariott? And is it your habit and Mademoiselle Reine's to discuss family secrets in the open air, and in a tone of voice that he who runs may read? I ask for information?"

"You heard every word she said?"

"Every word, I think and hope."

"Very well," says the lady, with some grimness. "At least you verified the adage that listeners never hear any good of themselves, and you have found out how cordially Mademoiselle Reine detests you."

"Very true; but don't you know that is not always a bad sign? Somebody who ought to know says, in fact, that it is best to begin with a little aversion."

"Begin what?"

Longworth laughs, and puffs a volume of smoke into the rose bushes.

"That elder sister is an exceedingly pretty girl, Laurence."

"Exceedingly pretty, Miss Hariott."

"You paid her very marked attention last night, I observed."

"Did you? Perhaps you also observed that very marked attention was paid her by every other man in the house."

"And she will be very rich."

"And as one of Mrs. Windsor's heiresses—naturally."

"Larry," goes on Miss Hariott, filling her basket with dead leaves, "I observed, likewise, that Mrs. Windsor watched you two with very friendly eyes. Do you think you can do better than become her grandson-in-law?"

"I don't think I can."

"And it is time you married."

"So several persons have informed



me recently. Is my hair turning gray, are the crow's feet growing so painfully plain, or do I show symptoms of dropping into my dotage, that the necessity of an immediate wife is thus thrust upon me?"

"I do not believe," pursues the lady of the cottage, "in any one man or woman marrying for money; but if marriage and money go hand in hand, held together by a moderate amount of affection, why, then the combination is eminently judicious, and greatly to be desired."

"And that moderate amount of affection you think I could get up for Mrs. Windsor's elder granddaughter? Well, she is beautiful enough and brilliant enough to warrant a moderate amount, certainly. I presume it would be quite useless to turn my thoughts toward *la petite Reine*? Her insuperable aversion is not to be overcome."

"She rings true and clear as steel. She does not like you. In her place, perhaps, I should not either——"

"But what have I done? I try to be civil. I asked her to dance twice last night and she refused. She runs away now when I come. She goes out of the room when I visit the Stone House. I consider myself badly treated—I am scorned, and I don't know why."

"I think you do, or you are duller than I ever gave you credit for. It is unjust, but it is natural, and I don't like her any the less for it. But this is beside the question. I suppose, if you fell in love with either, it would, of course, be Marie?"

"Why of course?"

"She is beautiful—Reine is not. Need we give any other reason to a man?"

"It is your turn to be unjust, Miss Hariott. Men do not always give the palm to beauty. The women of history, ancient and modern, who have exercised the most extraordinary powers of fascination have been plain—they leave more to the imagination, I presume. But Mademoiselle Reine is not plain; no woman could be with such a pair of eyes, such an angelic voice, and such a smile. The light of that smile does not often fall upon me, I regret to say. I might appreciate its beauty less if I did."

"Very true. But do you mean to tell me——"

"I don't mean to tell you anything, except that Mdlle. Marie, with all her loveliness, is a blonde, and blondes are tasteless and insipid."

"Indeed! You do not always think so."

"A man may change his mind. It is a woman's prerogative, but a man may use it. I think so now. Have you nearly done with that eternal snip-snip? If you have, here is a bundle of new novels. Look over them, and let me have your opinion for the next number of the *Weekly Phenix*."

"You will stay and have tea?" says Miss Hariott, receiving the books.

But Mr. Longworth declines. He is on his way home to dinner, and accordingly departs. He takes the Stone House on his way, and makes one of his friendly, informal calls on its mistress, to inquire for her health and that of Miss Landelle. Marie is alone in the drawing-room when he enters, perfectly dressed, all the red-gold hair floating loosely, and she looks up and welcomes him with a cordiality that amply makes amends for her obdurate sister's perversity.

"I came to ask you how you were, but I need not," he says, holding the slim white hand she gives him, and looking into the bright face. "I wonder if anything could make you look pallid and fatigued?"

"Not five hours' dancing, certainly. Besides, I slept all day; I have a talent for sleeping. We all have some one talent, have we not? The party was pleasant, and I like your Baymouth people so much. How very handsome your cousin is, Mr. Longworth."

"Totty—Mrs. Sheldon? Yes, she is, rather. I had another cousin present last night for whom you do not inquire, and who stands in need of inquiry, I assure you."

"Mr. Frank Dexter? He is well, I hope?"

"Not at all well—uncommonly ill, I should say; in mind of course, not in body. Need I speak more plainly of what is patent to all the world? In your strength remember mercy, Miss Landelle!"

Mrs. Windsor comes in, is pleased to see Mr. Longworth, and presses him to stay. This second invitation he also

declines, thinking as he does so that Frank is half right, and that he must be developing sundry tame-cattish proclivities to be so greatly in request.

Reine does not appear; but as he goes down the avenue he catches a glimpse of a gray dress and a red breast-knot ahead. She makes no attempt to avoid him, returns his formal salute, and passes on. And then at his feet, where she has stood a moment before, he sees that her other knot of crimson silk which she has worn in her hair. He stoops and picks it up, glances after her with the honest intention, no doubt, of following and restoring the dropped property, thinks better of it, puts it in his breast-pocket, and goes on.

"Another time," he thinks; "my intentions are virtuous, but my courage is weak. It would take more moral nerve than I possess to face that stately little refrigerator again just now."

He goes home and dines, lingers with the boarders for a time, and is "chaffed" about his very pronounced devotion of last night to Mrs. Windsor's heiress. Frank sits opposite, glowering darkly and sullenly and says nothing. Then Mr. Longworth saunters back to the office, and remains there hard at work until nearly eleven. The majority of the boarders have retired before he returns, but the porch is not quite deserted when he and O'Sullivan ascend the steps, for Mrs. Sheldon sits there alone, wearing the blue silk Longworth admired yesterday, and wrapped in a light summer shawl, apparently watching the stars shining on the bay.

"You Totty?" says Mr. Longworth, "and at this time of night? You will get your death of cold. What do you mean by sitting here and looking at the moon?"

"There is no moon to look at," Mrs. Sheldon answers, smilingly. She nods to Mr. O'Sullivan, who discreetly passes in at once. "I do not think I was looking at anything. I have been sitting here thinking of—you."

"That's friendly," says Longworth, in his calmest tone. "Nothing very unkind, I hope. Which of my failings were you grieving over as I came up?"

"Have you failings?" she says. "I suppose you have, but I never see them. I should be ungenerous indeed if I did."

They are getting on dangerous ground. They do drift on sundry shoals and quicksands occasionally in conversation, but it must be stated that the fault is not the gentleman's. He comes to his own rescue promptly now. Anything more prosaic than his remark, more unsentimental than his tone, cannot well be conceived.

"I don't know how it may be with you after last night," he says suppressing a yawn, "but I am consumedly sleepy. I got up and went to the office at eight, you know, and have been hard at it ever since. Better come in, Mrs. Sheldon; you'll catch cold to a dead certainty in this dew."

"Laurence!" she exclaims, petulantly, "I hate that name from you. Call me Totty always—no one does but you now, and I like it. Mamma says Laura."

"Well, if you like. It's not a very dignified appellation——"

"But I prefer it from you," she says, half under her breath; "it brings back the old times when we were both young. Oh, if they could only come all over again!"

"It would be a tremendous mistake, take my word for it. Old times should never be brought back. Let the dead die, and be buried decently and for ever out of sight and mind."

"Is there nothing, then, in the past you would wish brought back, Laurence?"

"Nothing," returns Longworth, promptly, "except, perhaps, a few absconding subscribers. But they are hopeless."

"I was thinking when you came up," she goes on, her voice hurried and tremulous, "of that time so long ago, when your uncle and my mother behaved so badly to us both—to you most of all. When I see you working so hard, and think of what you were, and of all you have lost for my sake, do you think—Laurence, do you think I can ever forget my folly or forgive my blindness?"

"I don't see why not. You did me no harm—pecuniarily at least. I never was a happier man in my life than since I have had to work for my living. Don't let the past trouble you on my account, my dear Laura, I beg."

His tone is cool—is sarcastic, almost,



one might say. But though her heart is beating suffocatingly, she is not to be stopped in what she wishes to say.

"In those past days," she goes on, brokenly, "I never used to think at all; now I seem to do nothing else. Oh, what a child I was! How little I valued all that you offered me! How lightly I threw it from me! And now, when I would give my life to win it back—Laurence!" she cries out, in a stifled voice, "is it too late?"

"It is precisely eight years and four months too late," he answers, with perfect composure. He is in for it, and may as well have it out. "I offered you a boy's senseless passion, and you very properly refused it. You threw me over and married Sheldon, a much better fellow. For that sort of thing, there is no resurrection. As to the rest—my uncle's fortune, and so on, I don't regret its loss. As Mr. Longworth's heir presumptive I was simply good for nothing, as a hard working editor I flatter myself I am good for something. That mad thirst for gold which some men possess I never felt, and never shall, and, like the rest of mankind, I compound 'for the sins I am inclined to, by damning those I have no mind to.' I happen to be one of the people to whom money is not the chief end and aim of life, to whom their art would be dear though it kept them beggars. It is exceedingly kind of you, of course, to think of me in this way, and regret the past for my sake; but you need not—for I never do. You see in me a perfectly satisfied man, content with to-day, not asking too much of to-morrow, and never, never for an instant wishing to recall yesterday. We will always be good friends and cousins, I hope, Totty; more than friends—never again."

## CHAPTER XII.

### LONGWORTH'S IDYL.

His face had shown very little feeling of any sort, as he stood leaning against the honeysuckle-wreathed pillar of the porch and rejected a woman, but this impassiveness has grown with him a second nature. But at least the brief interview has banished all present desire for sleep.

He seats himself before the open window, elevates his boots on the sill, tilts back his chair in genuine Yankee fashion, kindles the inevitable cigar, without which he can neither write nor think, and prepares to introspect himself.

Here in this quiet room, with all the house at rest around him, the low, murmurous sound of the water lapping the shore, the slipping of a branch, the tremulous twitter of a bird in its nest, innumerable sounds of silence alone to be heard, ten years of his life slip away, and he is back in the gallant and golden days of his youth, hopeful, high-hearted, enthusiastic, twenty-two, and in love.

The broad expanse of the starlit bay fades from before him; a Southern landscape, steeped in the fire of an April sun, takes its place. He sees the long white Georgian mansion, with its piazzas, its open doors and windows, the cotton fields afar off, with the negroes at work, the "quarters," a miniature village, where his Uncle Longworth's people live.

It is a fair picture, a noble domain—one day to be all his own. As a boy, orphaned and nearly destitute, his rich and childless uncle, who all his life had held himself aloof from his family and every domestic tie, absorbed heart and soul in the hot pursuit of gold, came forward and took him to his home. To his heart as well, such heart as his life-long worship of Mammon has left him. He was a handsome lad, and gallant, brave, high-spirited, self-willed, full of generous impulses, rash to recklessness, but with a heart as tender and nearly as easily touched as a girl's.

And, best of all, with the God-fearing principles of a gentle and loving mother so deeply implanted that neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil (and all three battle hard in his life of ease and self-indulgence under his uncle's roof) could ever wholly eradicate them. He was truthful to an extreme, open and frank as the day, with a temper as sunny and nearly as hot as the cloudless Southern weather.

In short, a youth so unlike in all things the grave, self-repressed man of thirty, that in looking backward he might well wonder what had become of that old impetuous self.

Laurence Longworth was a nephew

and an heir to be proud of, and old James Longworth was proud of him. All the love of a money-grubbing life that might have been divided between wife and children was concentrated on this boy. He sent him to a northern college until he was eighteen, and then to Germany for the next four years to complete a most thoroughly unbusiness-like and uncommercial education.

The boy should never grub along in dingy warehouses, nor lose that bright and golden beauty of his poring over dry-as-dust ledgers. He should not even be a professional man; with the wealth he was to inherit what need of toiling to master a profession? He should be a young Georgian prince; he should marry by and bye of the elect of the land; he should rear sons to hand the name of Longworth, undefiled by commerce, down to dim futurity. That was the old man's ambition, and young Laurence was only too ready and willing to gratify it.

He led a lordly life; his pockets were filled with money, which he scattered hither and thither with a reckless prodigality. Mr. Longworth never stinted him. When he travelled it was *en prince*. Indeed, he was known as "Duke Laurence" during his life at Munich. With it all, he had his own ambition and high sense of honour, and notions of the obligations of a prince, and studied hard, and ended his course with university honours.

Among the varied and useful information not set down in the university course was a taste for smoking, for the unlimited consumption of lager beer and the other German nectars, for small-sword exercise, and soft-eyed, fair-haired Gretchens. About one of these frauleins he fought a duel the last year, pinked his adversary without doing him much damage, and finally returned home and fell in love with his second cousin, Laura.

This was his first serious *affaire*. That of Gretchen had been the veriest summer-day fancy—born and buried in an hour. But this was different, you understand. She was not unlike Gretchen either at sixteen; tall for her age, inclined even then to a delightful plumpness, all that flaxen hair falling fluffy and crimping to her waist, and in "luna-

tic fringe" to her very eyebrows. The blue eyes were rather small, rather light, rather expressionless, and the ready smile that came and went so incessantly rather vacuous, insipid, and silly. That is, it might seem so to hypercritical people. To Laurence Longworth, *etat*, twenty-two, Laura Longworth was a vision of purity, loveliness, and white Swiss dresses, and to win this most beautiful of her sex for his wife would be to crown his existence with never-ending ecstasy.

Miss Laura Longworth, otherwise Totty, at sixteen had no more mind of her own, no more individual soul, than a newly-hatched chicken; but she could see that young Laurence was handsome, and dressed in perfect taste, and wore such diamond studs and buttons as made her small, pale eyes open wide in wonder and admiration. His taste was not toned in those days. The lad was inclined to be foppish, and liked diamonds of the first water, and superfine linen and broadcloth. His presents, too, were such as any heir-presumptive might offer to his princess-consort, and Totty's white, fat little hands were hands to hold fast all they could grasp, even at sixteen.

The costly books and bouquets she did not care about, but the jewelry touched her inmost soul. It was tiresome of Larry to insist on lying at her feet on the grass, and reading dull poetry aloud by the hour out of those aforesaid blue and gilt books. Poetry bored Totty—so did books of any kind, in fact; but this was the only drawback she could find in her splendid young lover. And so the sweet, hot weeks wore on, and June was approaching, and Mrs. Longworth began to talk of fleeing from the summer heats, and going back to her Baymouth home.

A word of Mrs. Longworth. She was so remotely akin to the old millionaire merchant that she never dared to count upon the kinship, and she was a lady ready to dare a good deal. Her late husband, besides being only a distant cousin of James Longworth, had made him in early youth his bitter foe. Mr. Longworth was a good hater. He never pardoned an affront, never forgave an enemy, if he could help himself; and so when at the beginning Laurence had



come one day full of the news, and exclaimed, "I say, uncle, here's Mrs. Longworth, from Baymouth, and her daughter stopping at the Sheldons. It would only be handsome, sir, I think, to ask them here," the old man had bent his bushy gray brows and scowled.

"Tom Longworth's widow and her girl here! What are they after? Very bad taste on their part to come where I am, but I know that woman—a brazen, bold-faced hussy, and vicious enough for anything. Tom Longworth was a knave and a fool. No widow or daughter of his shall ever cross this threshold."

"But you have no right, sir, to visit the wrong doing of the father upon——"

"Bosh, Larry. How old is the girl?"

"Sixteen, sir, and one of the loveliest——"

"Of course, of course. Every bread-and-butter schoolgirl is an angel in the eyes of a soft-headed boy of twenty-two. What has her mother brought her down here for? Couldn't she barter her off up North? Or does she want to catch young Sheldon? He's next door to a fool, but his prospects are good, and I dare say Sarah Longworth will find it easier to inveigle a fool than a man endowed with the average amount of common sense. For you, Larry, my lad, I never interfere with your amusements, as you know—flirt with this little Longworth, or any one else, to your heart's content. There is a certain amount of calf love which young fellows of your stamp find it indispensable to get rid of somehow before they marry and settle; you may bestow a little of its superfluity on this girl, if you like; but when it comes to marrying, you shall please me as well as yourself. That will do. Reserve your eloquence for the future! when you go to represent your native State in Congress, you know—don't inflict it on me. You told me you were short of funds yesterday. Here's a cheque for current expenses. Go and enjoy yourself; but mind, my boy"—he lays his hand on the lad's square shoulders, and looks at him, half imperiously, half fondly—"nothing serious for two or three years yet."

Young Laurence, very erect, very resolute, very indignant, opens his lips to answer, is waved authoritatively down, takes his cheque, rides off to

town, and buys a pearl necklace for his fair, pale goddess. It is the only sort of offering he has discovered that can bring a sparkle of rapture to her eyes, a flush of joy to her cheeks. Flowers may have a language to him—to Miss Totty, peerless but practical, they speak not half so eloquently as pearls. It disappoints him a little; but girls are like that, he judges, fond of jewels, and laces, and pretty things. He is fond of them himself, in a way.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to record that long before this he "has told his love" in burning and eloquent words—not that burning eloquence was needed—and has been accepted.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"THE GULF IS DEEP BUT STRAIGHT ENOUGH."

MRS. LONGWORTH is enchanted. Some ultimate design upon young William Sheldon has brought her here, it may be, but young Laurence Longworth is more than she could have hoped for. As the wife of James Longworth's heir, Totty's position and her own are secure for all time. But Mrs. Longworth must go home, and this pleasant idyl must come to an end. Laurence must speak to his uncle, says Mrs. Longworth; it would place her darling in a false position to take her away, engaged, without Mr. Longworth's sanction and blessing, and that she could never consent to.

Laurence goes home and speaks. He stand before his uncle in the rosy evening light, flushed, eager, handsome, pleading. He loves his cousin Laura to distraction; he can have neither life nor hope apart from her; she will be the inspiration, the good genius of his life. Will her uncle not forget and forgive the past, and take her to his heart as the daughter of his home?

James Longworth listens, growing purple with passion, and rises from his chair with a great oath. Accept her! the artful, manœuvring daughter of a brazen, sordid, match-making, money-hunting mother? Allow Tom Longworth's daughter to enter this house as its mistress? He would set fire to it with his own hand and burn it to the ground first. For Laurence, he is a fool—a love sick, sentimental, ridiculous

young fool—and if ever he mentions that girl's name in his hearing again he will turn him out of the house without a shilling, like the beggar he was when he took him in.

James Longworth in a passion is a sight not good to see; he is not choice in his words nor particular in his epithets. He sinks back now out of breath, mopping his crimson old face, and glaring up ferociously angry at his heir. That contumacious young gentleman stands before him, his blonde face quite colourless with a passion as intense as his own, his lips set, a steely fire in his handsome blue eyes; but though his rage is at white heat, he holds himself well in hand. Whenever the uncle waxes furious, and coarse, and vituperative the nephew puts him down with contemptuous, lordly, gentlemanly, frigid quiet.

"Whatever abusive epithets you may find it necessary to use, sir," in his most ducal way says "Duke Laurence," looking the fiery old man unwinkingly in the eye, "you will have the goodness to apply to me, not to a young lady whose acceptance of my suit I consider the chief honour of my life. I will not give her up. As to turning me out without a shilling, the beggar that you found me, that is a threat you have made before. To save you the trouble of repeating it, the next time you make it I will take you at your word."

Mr. Laurence leaves the room, and smarting with anger and wounded dignity, rides at a furious rate to his lady's bower, to proclaim that through good and ill, through fire and water, through life and beyond life, he is hers, to do with as she chooses.

Totty listens, and wishes he wouldn't—he makes her head ache when he goes on like that. He had better speak to mamma; mamma will know what to do. And mamma knits her maternal brows and looks anxious.

"Laurence, does he mean that?" she asks. "Is it only an idle threat of anger, or will he keep his word? I mean about disinheriting you."

"I think it is extremely likely," says Laurence, coolly; "he's the sort of customer, is the governor, to say unpleasant things and stick to them. But you know, Mrs. Longworth, not a thou-

and fortunes shall come between me and my love for Totty."

"Oh! I know, I know," says Mrs. Longworth, in a still more worried tone. "Of course you're everything that's honourable, Larry; but it isn't that. You see there is honour due on our side too, and I couldn't, oh, I really couldn't, allow you to ruin yourself for my daughter's sake. If your uncle won't consent, you must give her up."

"And a pretty, penniless, good-for-nothing son in law I should have on my hands," adds the lady, mentally, glancing contemptuously to the fair-haired prince of the house of Longworth. "A nice lily of the field you would be, if cut off with a shilling, neither able to toil nor spin, twenty-two years of age, and fit for nothing but tomfoolery out of poetry books, and talk like the hero of a novel."

"Give her up!" cries young Laurence, with eyes afire. "Never! My uncle shall come round and accept her, or if he does not I can still make my own way in life. I have youth, and health, and strength, a fair education, and the average of brains. Surely I am not such a milksop as to be unable to achieve a career for myself. The world is mine oyster—I'll open it. I ask nothing but that Totty may be true to me."

Mrs. Longworth listens to this rhapsody with ill-concealed contempt.

"Well, my dear boy," she says, "if you can bring your uncle round, well and good—I shall be delighted to give you Totty. But if you cannot—and indeed I am afraid you cannot, for he is the most obstinate old wretch on earth—if you cannot, I say——"

"You will refuse me Totty—do you mean that?" cries the lad, indignantly.

"Well, now, Laurence, be reasonable. Think of it. You are twenty-two, you have no profession, you are unfit for trade, you can't live on a very fine university education, and a knowledge of Greek and Latin, French and German. I believe a young man who has to make his way in the world will get on much better without any of those things, although the French and German might not hurt him. There would be an engagement of years and years, and I object to long engagements, and I am poor,



very poor, Larry, and Totty would have a hard time. Still we won't do anything prematurely; we will wait and see what we can do with the flinty-hearted old uncle."

Laurence seeks out Totty—poor Totty!—and pours his love and his wrath into her ears until she cries. Why does he come to her? she says piteously. She doesn't know—mamma knows; whatever mamma says, she must do, of course. Oh, yes, she likes him—well, loves him then, and will wait for him, if mamma will let her, ever and ever so long, or will marry him to-morrow if mamma is willing just the same. But please don't go on so any more; it always makes her head ache, and she is willing to do anything and please everybody, if only mamma will let her.

Laurence goes home dispirited, sore, very love-sick and cast down indeed. Old Mr. Longworth looks at him and laughs to himself, and while he laughs he pities his boy. He has quite got over his anger; his red-hot rages with Larry never last, and he makes up his mind to buy off this woman and her girl, and pack them back where they came from, and cure Laurence of his boyish folly. He is a man to strike while the iron is hot, in business and out of it. He rides into town, seeks out Mrs. Longworth the next day, and has a plain, curt, prosaic, business-like interview with her, perfectly civil, quiet, and passionless.

"I like the lad," the old man says, his hands clasped over his cane, his chin upon them, his stern old eyes on the lady's discomfited face; "it is for his sake I want this foolery ended and done with. He is my heir as you know; he has been brought up like a king's son. Left to himself, he is utterly unable to make his way an inch in the world. I have done it on purpose; I want him to be solely dependent on me. If he marries your daughter I'll turn him out; a farthing of my money he shall never see. You know me, ma'am. I'm not the sort to bluster and swear, and come round in the end with my fortune and blessing. I'll turn him adrift, I say—I'll take my sister's son, little Dexter, in his place. Your Daughter will have a fine, high-toned, thoroughly educated young gentleman for a

husband, and you will have a beggar for a son-in-law. I don't think that would suit your book, ma'am. But the boy is bothered over this affair—I can see it—and will be until all is over. Then he'll come round all right and fast enough. Young men die, and worms eat them, but not for love. Now, Mrs. Longworth, how much will you take, ma'am, and go off with your young lady, and let my boy see her no more? I've spent money freely on him for his pleasure and profit up to the present; I'm ready to spend a trifle more now. Name your price and try and be reasonable."

"Mr. Longworth, this is outrageous," cries the lady, in a fury. "Do you think my daughter's affections are to be bought and sold like so many bales of cotton?"

"Is that a hint to my business, ma'am? I'm not in cotton bales any more. As to the affections—never mind *them*. She's not her dear mother's daughter if she doesn't prefer bread and butter to a kiss and a drink of water. There's young Sheldon—I hear he's willing—couldn't you pass her along to him? For you—you are poor, I understand, and have a clear head for figures. Give the sum a name, ma'am, and I'll make my stipulations."

Mrs. Longworth looks him full in the face, and names the sum—no trifle. Old James Longworth, still with his chin on his cane, chuckles inaudible admiration.

"My word, ma'am, you're a cool hand, and a clever one! It's a round price, but for the lad's sake—— If I pay it I must make my conditions, and the first is that Laurence is to know nothing, absolutely nothing, of this little business transaction, or of my visit to you at all."

"Have no fear, sir; I am not so proud of either that I am likely to proclaim them," says Mrs. Longworth, bitterly.

"Very good, ma'am—it's not a creditable affair—to you. The second is, that you are to make your daughter refuse him—say she mistook herself and her affections, and what not—she'll know. If she doesn't you can coach her. You're a clever woman."

"Thank you, sir," says Mrs. Longworth, still more bitterly.

"The third is, that you'll marry her to Willy Sheldon, if Willy Sheldon

wants her, and as quickly as may be. He does want her, doesn't he?

"He has asked my daughter to marry him, if that is what you mean."

"That is what I mean. And she——"

"Being engaged to your nephew, sir, she refused him."

"Well, the obstacle of that engagement being removed, there is no reason why these young hearts shouldn't come together," says old Mr. Longworth, with a sneer. "Nothing else will thoroughly cure Larry of his besotted folly. Sheldon's prospects are good; he is senior clerk in a big banking-house, and will be junior partner before long. If I choose to give him a push. I'll give him that push when he's your daughter's husband. For you, ma'am, I'll give you one half the sum you have named when you have turned out Laurence, and are ready to go. The second half I will hand over the day you are mother-in-law to little Willy Sheldon. I'll give you my bond for it in black and white."

Two days after, standing by her mother's side, a little pale and scared, Laura Longworth gave Laurence Longworth his dismissal and his diamond ring.

It was the only thing she did give him of all his gifts. All that "portable property" in gold and precious stones lay snugly upstairs. It cost her a greater pang to part with the fine solitaire she drew of her finger than it did to part with the gallant and handsome young lover who stood before her pallid with pain, but taking his punishment like a man. She had mistaken herself—she cared more for Willy, and she never could consent to ruin her cousin Laurence. They must part, and—and here was his ring, and—and Willy wished the wedding to take place speedily, and he was to follow them to Baymouth in a month, and—and they were to be married the last of July.

Perhaps Laura hoped that Laurence, in a transport of passion, would fling that diamond at her feet—her eyes were upon it all the while, and never had it sparkled so temptingly—but he did nothing of the sort. He picked it up and put it in his pocket without a word. There was no appeal—he did not try to appeal. She had said she cared for William Sheldon most—that settled every-

thing. He stood white and silent, his brows knit, his blue eyes stern, amazed, contemptuous, and then he took his hat, bowed to both ladies, and went out of the house, feeling that for him and for all time the whole world had come to an end.

He did not go away. He spoke of the matter just once to his uncle, in words brief and few.

"It's all over, sir," he said; "she is to marry Will Sheldon. I'll try to please you next time, instead of myself. Excuse anything I may have said, and don't let us speak of it again."

But he grew thin as a shadow, moodily indifferent to all things, silent, pale. Nothing could arouse or amuse him; all his old pursuits lost their savour; books, horses, billiards held no charm; his apathy grew on him day by day. As the fatal wedding day drew near his gloom and depression became so profound that his uncle grew alarmed. The boy must go away—must travel. This foolery and love-sickness was becoming startling—the last state of the youthful swain was becoming worse than the first. Laurence must try change.

All right, sir—I'll go," Laurence answers, wearily. "One place is as good as another. I'll try New York."

He goes to New York, and New York does him good, after a fashion. Not mentally nor morally, perhaps, for he goes into a rather reckless set, and gambles and drinks much more than is good for him, but it certainly helps him to get over his love fever. He reads Miss Laura Longworth's marriage in the papers one July morning, stares at it in a stony way for awhile, then throws down the sheet, and laughs in the diabolical way the first murderer does his *cacchination* on the stage, and out—Herods Herod in mad dissipation for the ensuing week. At the end of that period he receives a visit from Mrs. Longworth, which sobers him more effectually than many bottles of soda water.

"I heard you were here, Laurence," she says to the young man, who receives her with Arctic coldness. "I have come from Baymouth on purpose to see you. Now that Totty is married"—Laurence grinds his teeth—"and the



money is paid to the last farthing, I may speak. I do not do it for revenge." Oh, the vengeful fire that blazes in Mrs. Longworth's eyes as she says it! "Far be it from me to cherish so sinful a feeling. But I think you ought to know that Totty loved you best, Larry—I may tell it surely now, since she will never know—and nothing would have made her give you up but for the fear of ruining you for life. I am a poor woman, Laurence, a poor, hard-working widow, and—need I shame to say it?—I have my price. Your uncle bought me off, and but for him my daughter might be your wife to-day instead of Sheldon's."

"For heaven's sake, stop!" the young fellow says, hoarsely. "I can't stand this. Don't talk of her if you want me to keep my senses. What is this of my uncle?"

She sits, vindictive triumph in her face, and tells him the story, exaggerating his uncle's part, extenuating her own, repeating every sneer, every threat.

"I say again," she concludes, "but for this money, which poverty alone forced me to accept, and the dread of ruining you, Totty would be your bride, not Willy Sheldon's, at this hour."

Her work is done and she goes away—done almost too well, she is afraid, as she looks in young Laurence's stony, fixed face at parting. But he says little or nothing. In these deadly white rages of his he always becomes dumb. But that night, as fast as steam can carry him, he is on his way to his Southern home.

In the yellow blaze of an August afternoon, dusty and travel-worn, he reaches it. Unannounced, unexpected, he opens the door of his uncle's study and stands before him.

Mr. Longworth, sitting at his desk writing, looks up in eager and glad surprise at his boy.

"What, Larry, lad! So soon? Well, soon or late, always glad to see you. But what is the matter, boy? You do not look well."

Truly he did not. His cheeks were hollow, his lips were white, dark circles were beneath his eyes, and in those steadfast eyes a fire that boded no good. Physically, at least, his fortnight in

New York had not benefited the heir of the Longworths.

"You are busy, sir," is his answer, in an odd, constrained voice; "I will wait until you have finished."

"My writing need never be finished. I was answering your last letter, my boy. You asked for more money—you spend like a prince, Larry; but I have brought you up like a prince, and I find no fault. Here is the cheque, you see, ready signed."

Laurence takes it, looks at the amount—a large one—then looks steadfastly at the old man.

"Three days ago, sir, Mrs. Longworth came to see me in New York. Her daughter was safely married, her price was safely paid, she had nothing to fear. She came and told me the whole story. By stealth and by treachery you bought her—you compelled her to marry her daughter to Sheldon—your money was an all-powerful lever, as you knew—even hearts and souls can be bought and paid for with it. But even money cannot do all things—cannot pay for everything. It bought Mrs. Longworth—it cannot buy me. You have done me many and great services—their memory has helped me to bear the many and great insults you have heaped upon me. But even for millionaires there is a line—you have gone beyond it. I return you your cheque and bid you good bye. Good morning."

He tears the slip of paper deliberately in four pieces, lays them on the table, and turns to go. The old man starts from his chair and holds out his arms.

"Laurence," he cries in agony.

But it is doubtful if that despairing cry reaches him, for the door has closed upon him and he has already gone.

Laurence Longworth returned to New York, and began at the beginning. He was twenty-two, he had no profession, and the world was all before him where to choose. It was tremendously uphill work, but it did him good. He dropped dissipation of every kind, and forgot Totty Longworth. His classical education, his Greek and Latin hexameters, did not help him much in the beginning of this hard, single-fisted fight with fate. It would have been more to the purpose, and infinitely more remunerative, if his uncle had taught him

shoemaking. He floated about for many months among the flotsam and jetsam of the great army of the impecunious in a large city, and finally drifted ashore on the land of literature. He had fraternized in the days of his princedom with a good many newspaper men—he had a taste for that sort of people—and they got him work now.

Having got it, Laurence discovered that he had found his vocation. Journalism was his *forte* and destiny for life. He was attached to the corps of a daily paper, and won his way with a rapidity that left the good comrades who had befriended him far behind. He had acquired shorthand as an amusement long ago—it stood him in good stead now. From reporting, in course of time he took to leader writing. It was found he had a dashing, slashing, daring style, with a strong vein of sarcasm and a subtle touch of humour. He could dash off audacious diatribes against political and social vices, and handle brilliantly every topic he undertook. He held exhaustive opinions on every subject under the sun, ventilated those opinions freely, and was prepared to fight for them, to slay and spare not in their defence. Promotion followed rapidly. At the end of the second year he was city editor, with a fine salary, of one of the first papers of the day.

This position he held two years. Then he discovered the Baymouth *Phoenix* was for sale, went to Baymouth and bought it. It was a promising field, and his one great ambition was to make the world better and wiser by an ideal newspaper. He resigned his position, took Miles O'Sullivan as his second, and settled in Baymouth "for good and all."

Mr. O'Sullivan was one of the journalistic gentlemen who had first given Longworth a latchkey to literature—a clever little man in his profession, with a twinkling eye, the national nose, and a rich accent, brought from the Rocks of Kerry, to flavour his unexceptionable English.

It was during the first year of struggle that Longworth wrote his novel and volume of verses. Both fell dead. The novel was didactic, and dogmatic, and realistic, and unspeakably dreary; the "poems" were Byronic, gloomy, and vapid.

Mr. Longworth never tried again. He had discovered that though a man may be a brilliant journalist, a keen and clever reporter, a sarcastic and witty reviewer, some additional gift is needed to make him a successful novelist and poet. It being agreed on all hands, however, that fiction-writing is the very lowest branch of the lofty tree of literature, he had the less reason to regret this failure, and the failure itself did him this good, that it made him the more austere and carping critic, your true critic being notoriously the man "who has failed in literature and art."

Mrs. Longworth, with the money that had been her daughter's price, had opened a boardinghouse in her native town. The editor of the *Phoenix* became one of her boarders. How completely the love dream of four years before had died out may be inferred from this. He bore her no ill will, he bore his uncle none, now. These four years had been a liberal education, more valuable by far than all that had preceded them. He blamed himself for his conduct to his uncle—the old man had acted wrongly, but he had been fond of him and good to him. He did not greatly regret the lost inheritance. He would not have exchanged the past four years, with their struggles, and failures, and triumphs, for twice that inheritance.

Nothing would ever have induced him to give up his career and go back to the old useless life; but he could not, even if he would. Mr. Longworth, in wrath deeply and deadly against his nephew, had adopted his sister's son, Frank Dexter. Mrs. Dexter, a widow, had lived in Boston, and Laurence knew the boy, and liked him. He had no wish to oust him. He had found his work in life, and it was a labour of love. No other love came to rival it. At one and thirty Longworth was unmarried, and likely to remain so. He had neither time nor inclination for falling in love. His pen and his inkstand were his mistresses.

Two years before this night on which he sits and smokes and muses, Mrs. Sheldon, in widow's weeds, had returned to the maternal roof. She had no children, she was handsomer than ever, and she was tolerably well dowered. She and the dashing lover of her youth had



met prosaically enough over the bacon and poached eggs at breakfast, and he had shaken hands with her, and looked into the light blue eyes, and smiled to himself, as he recalled that dead and nearly forgotten summer idyl. What a consummate young ass he had been! What could he have seen in this big wax doll, with the fluffy flaxen hair and china eyes, who only knew how to say "mamma" when punched in the pit of the stomach, like any other doll? The fluffy flaxen hair was combed back off the low, intellectual forehead now, and wifehood and widowhood had expanded her mind. She had pronounced ideas of her own on the subject of spring bonnets and the trimming of dresses. She even read the stories in one or two ladies' magazines.

Certainly, years' and matrimony had developed Mrs. Sheldon. As time wore on a new idea was developed also—a very decided *tendresse* for the handsome and talented author and publisher. People talked of him; he was a man of mark; he delivered lectures that were lauded; he was said to be growing rich. And into that calmly pulsing organ—Mrs. William Sheldon's heart—came something that thrilled at the sound of Longworth's voice, at the touch of his hand, at the glance of his eye.

Did Longworth observe it? He gave no sign. There were times certainly, in conversations with his fair kinswoman, when, as Mr. O'Sullivan expressed it, "he shied like a two-year-old." This night on the porch had finished what had been going on for some time.

She had not meant to be unwomanly, or go as far as she had gone, but jealousy, in spite of herself, had forced it from her. She was jealous of Marie Landelle, and sitting brooding over the past and the present, her passion had mastered her, and when he came she had laid her heart at his feet, and seen it—rejected!

A clock downstairs strikes twelve. Longworth jumps up, and flings away the end of his cigar.

"Midnight and morning here! There goes the town clock! I'm one minute and a half fast. 'Tis the witching hour when churchyards yawn——" Here Mr. Longworth yawns himself, and winds up his watch. "I will to bed."

And as he goes, the words of the poem still keep their jingle in his mind—

A year divides us, love from love;  
Though you love now, though I loved then.

The gulf is deep, but straight enough;  
Who shall recross—who among men  
Shall cross again?

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### DELICATE GROUND.

WHEN Longworth descends to breakfast next morning he finds Mrs. Sheldon before him, and alone, in the dining room. She is standing in the bay window, making a tiny bouquet from among the roses and geraniums, the brilliant sunshine bathing her in her pretty white wrapper, pale azure ribbons, and pale flaxen hair. A very fair picture of matured beauty, surely; but Longworth's first thought as he looks at her is—

"What an enormous debt of gratitude I owe my uncle for that day's work nine years ago, and what an idiotic young donkey I must have been to be sure!"

She turns quickly. She has learned to know his step from among all the others, and in six years of marriage she had never learned to distinguish her husband's. Something akin to a flush of shame passes over her face.

"Good morning, Totty," he says, genially, standing by her side. "That looks suspiciously like a button-hole bouquet. Who is to be the happy recipient?"

"You if you care to have it, Larry," she says, quickly, and with a catch in her breath, "I want you to forget last night. I must have been mad, I think. I—I let my feelings carry me away. I do not know how to explain what I mean——"

"There is no explanation needed, my dear child," Longworth says, kindly, and with a certain grave tenderness in his tone. (What man in his secret heart does not respect the good taste of a woman who persists in being in love with him?) "I know that you were but a child in those days—I know that in maturer years you regret the past for my sake, because I lost a fortune, and in your womanly self-abnegation would sacrifice yourself to atone. I understand it all; but believe me, I never regret

that loss. Now, if I am to have that bouquet you must pin it for me."

"You are generous," she says, in a low voice; but she bites her lips as she says it with cruel force. "You always were generous. Believe me, I shall not forget it."

Something in her tone makes Longworth look down at her curiously; but at that moment enters unto them Mr. Miles O'Sullivan. He takes in the situation—the close proximity, the bouquet, the flushed cheeks of the lady—and makes an instinctive step backward. The gesture annoys Longworth, he can hardly tell why.

"Are you from the office, O?" he calls. "What took you there at this hour?"

"Nothing took me there. I have not been next or near the office, Sure that's a beautiful little posey you've got this morning, chief. Upon my word it is the lucky fellow you are; the favourite of the ladies wherever you go!"

"I'll make you one if you like, Mr. O'Sullivan," says Totty, quickly, and moving away. "It's Larry's audacity, I think, that does it. He asked me for it first, and then was too lazy to pin it in."

Mr. O'Sullivan gets his bouquet and his breakfast, and then he and his superior officer start together for the *Phenix* building.

(To be Continued.)

STARTLING RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.—During the reign of Pius IX., thirty new dioceses were created in the United States. At the opening of this century there was but one diocese there; now there are sixty-one, besides seven vicariates-apostolic. The Catholic population is 6,143,222, ruled by 67 bishops and archbishops and 5,989 priests, who minister in 6,507 churches and chapels; 1,136 students were in theological seminaries last spring, and 405,234 pupils in parochial schools. The Church has also 1,726 mission stations, besides its regular churches, 687 colleges, seminaries, and academies, 5,246 parochial schools, and 373 charitable institutions, all indicating hard work and plenty of it.

## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

### "THE LAND OF SONG,"

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

ASCENDING the stream of time, until we find ourselves almost at its very source away up in the misty regions of an almost forgotten antiquity—we meet with the first traces of that Celtic race, the children of which are, to day, scattered over the face of the world's great common. Long before "Heber and Ire and the Spanish patricians" came to "free Innisfail from the spell of magicians" the sons of the "ancient Race" lived, loved, fought, conquered and died upon the soil of that verdant island called by the Romans *Juvena*, called by the world *Erin*.

Pious and holy, the ancient Druid taught the lessons of virtue and its reward, as he stood in the sacred grove and pointed to *Valhallah* the heaven of his pagan creed. And he was loved and respected and admired, and he instilled into the soul of the nation the principles which were one day to brighten into the choicest flowers of the new and greatest of all religions. He taught them justice, charity and devotion. He prepared the way and when St. Patrick set foot upon the soil, he found a people intelligent, noble, patriotic and religious.

As at the touch of Moses in the desert the waters gushed from the rock, so at the touch of the crozier of St. Patrick, a stream of religion came forth from the very bosom of the Island. It sprang away up in the hills of time and has since been seen spreading out into numberless branches, bathing every land in a glowing sea and shedding a halo around the sons of the green Isle. This sentiment of religion which animated the children of the old land, gave them the simplicity, patience, resignation, devotion and heroism of the ancient martyrs. Consequently Ireland received the enviable title of "The Isle of Saints and Martyrs."

The valor of the Celtic Race has been clearly proven by the events of history. The late Thomas D'Arcy McGee in a glorious poem entitled "The Celts," thus speaks of the first inhabitants of the land:



"Long, long ago, beyond the misty space  
 Of twice a thousand years :  
 In Erin old, there dwelt a mighty race  
 Taller than Roman spears;  
 Like giant oaks, they had a stalwart grace,  
 Were fleet as deers;  
 With winds and waves they made a hiding  
 place  
 These Western shepherd seers !"

Speaking of the valor of those olden  
 heroes and of the workings of the Celtic  
 sword, we have but to recall, "Con-  
 whose name on a hundred red battles  
 has floated to fame;" Brian who slew  
 the Raven of the North on Clontarf;  
 Sarsfield, whose name yet hovers around  
 the scenes of Namur; Owen Roe, whose  
 fame was his victory and death at Ben-  
 burb; Tone, the patriotic and brave,—  
 "In Bodestone church-yard, there is a green  
 grave,  
 And wildly around it the winter winds rave

I knelt on the sod—it lies over Wolfe  
 Tone."

Is it necessary to recall the name of  
 Emmet, from whose lifeless hand the  
 sword of Erin seemed to drop on Thomas  
 Street? But not on the heath-clad hills  
 and in the verdant vales, not by the sil-  
 ver streams and on the basalt coasts,  
 not 'neath the shades of the round tow-  
 ers or in the ruined shrines of Ireland's  
 shattered splendor do we find the great-  
 est and most lasting proofs of Celtic  
 heroism.

Over the fields of Europe we must  
 glance. Richard Lalor Sheil well pic-  
 tured the scene of Europe's battles where  
 the Irish fought in his glorious perora-  
 tion on "The Irish Municipal Bill." He  
 asks, "whose were the arms that drove  
 your bayonets at Vimiera through the  
 phalanxes that never reeled in the  
 shock of war before? What desperate  
 valor climbed the steepes and filled the  
 moats of Badajos? All his victories  
 (Wellington's) must have rushed and  
 crowded back upon his memory—Vimi-  
 era, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Tou-  
 louse, and last of all, the greatest—  
 Waterloo, etc." And in that enumera-  
 tion we must not forget the battle ren-  
 dered immortal by the poem of Thomas  
 Davis—the "Battle of Fontenoy."

In the West upon the American con-  
 tinent the same picture may be present-  
 ed. Perhaps no nation ever had a great-  
 er advocate of the sword and one who  
 knew better how to wield it than Ire-

land's Thomas Francis Meagher—called  
 "Meagher of the Sword."

For these and a million other reasons  
 was Ireland styled "the Land of Heroes  
 and Patriots."

However she has had a title which  
 clings more closely to her, a title that  
 she deserves even more than those we  
 have just named—it is the title of the  
 "Land of Song."

Moore was, perhaps, the first to use  
 the expression. In his poem of the  
 "Minstrel Boy" we find him thus ad-  
 dressing Ireland. But it matters little  
 by whom the name was first used, it is  
 certain that a truer one could not be  
 found.

The ancient Bards of Ireland went  
 from place to place, now singing in the  
 halls of the mighty, now chanting for  
 the peasant in his cottage, at one mo-  
 ment giving vent to the wailings of  
 grief in the presence of death, again  
 awaking the heroes of the land to a feel-  
 ing of desperate valor by the war-notes  
 of the slogan. The music of the land  
 was so sweet and so enchanting and so  
 touchingly beautiful that like a warp it  
 was woven into the woof of the music  
 of every other nation. Davis, in one of  
 his essays, says that, "the jigs and  
 planxties of Ireland would cure at one  
 stroke a paralytic or make the marble-  
 legged prince of the Arabian nights  
 charge like a *Faugh-a-Ballagh* boy."

Down to the fourth century of the  
 Christian era we find no other bards in  
 the land save those of whom we have  
 just spoken. No great figure-heads like  
 the Davids of Israel, the Tassos of Italy,  
 the Miltons of England. But towards  
 the end of the third and beginning of  
 the fourth centuries Ossian unstrung his  
 harp and in his wild weird imagery chant-  
 ed the praises of Fingall and of Conn.  
 Some look upon McPherson's Ossian as  
 an imposition on the world, an unau-  
 thenticated book, a translation that  
 really is not a translation, but like Man-  
 gan's productions, found its origin in the  
 fertile brain of the supposed translator.  
 Others consider it the very best expres-  
 sion in the rude language of the Saxon  
 that could be given to the soft, sweet  
 and wildly imaginative productions of  
 the ancient bard. Be this as it may; it  
 does not affect the existence and the

works of the great poet of the Emerald Isle.

We love to read and to admire the writings of Ossian. There is something romantically beautiful and interesting in being thus carried away upon the wings of the most excentric and original imagination. One glides into the spirit of the poem with the exciting delight of the child in a boat let loose upon a swift and dangerous stream, rejoicing in the novelty of the situation and heedless of the consequences. You start away glad and vigorous, but soon you are almost lost in the misty figures, and cloud-like images wherewith the bard encircles every hill, and caps every mountain, and fills every valley, and haunts every stream, and peoples every shrine, or ruined aisle, or antique monument.

No wonder, that those who afterwards wrote Irish poetry in English words should be considered the offspring of the muses and the children of the imagination. They gathered their sentiments from that ancient source from such bards as Ossian.

After the departure of Ossian from the hills of Erin for the reward of the good and blest, his harp "hung upon the willow bough," and the wind no longer stirred its chords into vibration, and the ear of the nation no longer heard the chants of the son of Fingall.

The next to touch the lyre and to revive the spirit of song was Carolan—blind Carolan the Homer of Innisfail. Carolan sang as Ossian sang; Carolan awoke the slumbering spirit of the clans even as Ossian stirred up the quiet and sombre sentiments of the chiefs into life and vigor; Carolan made music for the peasant and songs for the warriors, even as Ossian tuned his harp to the cotter's ear or chanted the prowess of the mighty in the hall; Carolan died neglected as Ossian died deserted; Carolan's harp hung silent on the walls of Tara as Ossian's harp hung silent upon the willow tree.

Yea, long silent hung the harp of Erin upon the walls of Tara. It waited another bard in another age who could touch its strings into life, who could break the "cold chains of silence that hung o'er it long," who could awaken its spirit even as did Ossian and Carolan. That Bard

was yet to come and he came in the person of Thomas Moore.

We would wish to refer to Ireland of to-day, but we must begin with Ireland of days gone past. Moore and his numberless brother-bards are now personages of the past and we must before coming to those of our day devote another one of these short essays to those who are no more, but who live and will live, as long as the "Fairy Gun" booms in the cavern shore, as long as Atlantic lashes Tramore and the basalt coast of Antrim, as long as the sun rises in morning grandeur o'er the Hill of Howth and sets in crimson splendor beyond the church of Connemara. And in so doing we will but say to Erin as Denis F. McCarthy says when opening his "Bell-Founder."

"Oh! Erin thou desolate mother, the heart in thy bosom is sore—

And ringing thy hands in despair thou dost roam 'round thy plague stricken shore  
Thy children are dying or flying, thy great ones are laid in the dust—

And those who survive are divided and those who control are unjust!

Wilt thou blame me, dear mother, if turning my eyes from these horrors away,  
I look thro' the night of our wretchedness back to some bright vanished day,

When tho' sorrow, which ever is with us was heavy and dark on the land,

Hope twinkled and shone like a planet and Faith was a sword in the hand?"

#### FOR THE HARP.

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

*"Parva Sub Ingenti."*

AMONG the many Heraldic devices on the escutcheon of the Dominion of Canada, one sees nestling modestly in a corner of the shield, a large oak tree overshadowing a small one, and having written underneath, the motto—"Parva Sub Ingenti." The small oak tree is typical of the little colony of Prince Edward Island, now sheltered under the spreading branches of the great Dominion, the fairest and most fertile spot to be found between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. It lies in the gulf of St. Lawrence between 46° and 47° 7' north latitude, and 62° and 64° 27' longitude west, from Greenwich. Its greatest length is 140 miles, and its breadth, at the widest part, is 34 miles;



but at Summerside, the capital of Prince County, it is only four miles from Bedeque bay on the South, to Richmond bay, on the North Shore. Its population is 105,000, of which number nearly one half is Catholic. The nationality of P. E. Island is various, the inhabitants are descended from Irish, Scotch, and English families with a large proportion of Acadians. In its early days the Island was a French colony and was named by Cabot, Ile St. Jean, he having discovered it on St. John's day, A. D. 1497. A French possession for many years, it was ceded to England in 1763 and parcelled out in lots, or Townships to proprietors in Great Britain. It was proposed in 1780 to change the name of the colony to New Ireland, and an act to that effect was passed in the Assembly, but was never put into execution. It would have been most appropriate, for, as far as the evils of absentee landlords and inconvenience to tenantry goes, P. E. Island rivalled Ireland, and was kept in a constant state of fermentation for nearly a century—the weak and poor those who worked, the strong and wealthy those who gained. At last, after bitter strife and contention, the matter was settled in 1875, two years after the Island entered confederation, it having allied itself to the Dominion, July 1st, 1873. Commissioners were appointed to determine the value of the estates, the sale of which, under the provision of the act, was rendered compulsory. One Commissioner was appointed by the Governor General, another by the Lieutenant Governor on behalf of the tenants, and a third by the proprietor whose land was to be sold. The Commissioners were Dr. Jenkins of Charlottetown, Mr. R. Halliburton of Halifax, and the Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, now Secretary of State for War in the English Cabinet. The Court sat for many weeks, carefully and justly investigating the rival claims, and at last the land passed into the possession of the Government at a cost of about 800,000 dollars, and are being repurchased by the tenantry at moderate rates. So vanished the last remnant of Feudalism in the Maritime Provinces. In 1793 Ile St. Jean became Prince Edward Island, a compliment to the Duke of Kent, who

then resident in Nova Scotia took great interest in the public works of the sister province.

Charlottetown, the Capital of the Province, is a pretty little town with a population of about 10,000. It is well laid out, and has broad, straight streets and pleasant squares. The houses are for the most part of wood; for beauty they must yield the palm to the villas of late years erected in Summerside, the capital of Prince County. The chief buildings of Charlottetown are in Queen Square, the Parliament House, the Post Office, and the Law Courts. The House of Parliament is a massive grey stone structure, fronting on great George Street, the other two in brick and stucco stand at either side of it. The Market House is spacious, and the market itself excellent, attracting the attention of all strangers. There are Churches of all denominations, the only one with any claim to architectural beauty, being the Church of Scotland, a new erection of red Island sandstone, faced with Nova Scotia stone; it stands at the head of Pownal street and is an ornament to the city. The most prominent object to be seen while sailing up Charlottetown harbor, is the Catholic Church, St. Dunstan's Cathedral, an enormous structure of wood, standing on the corner of St. George and Dorchester streets. I would much like to praise the appearance of the Church of whose congregation I have the privilege of being occasionally a member, but truth compels me to say it is hopelessly and irremediably ugly within and without. Cold and comfortless as it is, it is never deserted, I have not once seen it empty, or without some devout watcher praying before the Blessed Sacrament. It is nearly fifty years old: perhaps before another half century goes by it will be replaced by a more worthy Cathedral. The Bishop's Palace just opposite, is a fine building of grey stone, large, lofty and in every way imposing. It is considered to be the handsomest Episcopal residence in Canada, except, perhaps, that of the Protestant Bishop of Huron, who lives in oriental splendour. On Dorchester street stands the Charlottetown Hospital, the munificent gift of a generous Bishop to the poor of his na-

tive Province. The building was in old times the Bishop's Palace, about two years ago, it was furnished as a Hospital by the Catholic ladies of Charlottetown, and then handed over by the Bishop, to the charge of the Grey Sisters of Quebec, to be used by them as a Hospital and Dispensary, where the poor of Charlottetown and country districts could obtain alleviation of their sufferings free of charge. A committee of ladies, including the leading Protestant families of the place, was invited by the Bishop to undertake the superintendence of the work which his Lordship greatly desires, shall be non-sectarian. They appointed a collecting committee who once a year go about to solicit contributions from all the families in the city, and by so doing perform a more difficult and unpleasant task than one would imagine, being frequently told that they are "working for the Devil," and that they are "emissaries of Satan," &c. Occasionally an old woman will declare that she had rather her husband or child died than that he should go into such a place as a "*Catholic Hospital*," and not all the persuasions of their own ministers can move them to a different belief.

However, the educated and large minded portion of the Protestant community, both clerical and lay, has lent itself generously to the benevolent scheme, and the constant application for admittance into the Hospital and wonderful success of every operation there performed must, in the course of time, conquer all prejudices. It is to be hoped that the number of Sisters will be increased, for the poor districts of Charlottetown are sadly in need of such visiting and care as the poor of Quebec and Montreal, and indeed most Canadian towns receive from the Grey Nuns. Near the Cathedral, and fronting on Queen's Square, stands a large brick building known as St. Patrick's. It was first opened in 1870 as a School, under the management of the Christian Brothers, who taught there for eight years, and then left the Island, their rule not permitting them to take the Government diploma necessary to enable them to obtain a grant from Parliament. The building is now rented by the Govern-

ment from the Bishop and is used as a Free School.

There is a non-sectarian institute of learning called Prince of Wales' College, which has sent to McGill University, Montreal, and to Schools and Colleges in other places, some most successful scholars. About two miles from Charlottetown, stands St. Dunstan's College, opened in January, 1855, with 17 boarders, the Rev. Angus McDonald being Rector. It was long prior to the Prince of Wales, and was the first Catholic College in the Lower Provinces. It was of wood, and was built and founded by Bishop McDonald, but was re-built of brick by Bishop McIntyre in 1862. This School has turned out men whose names figure conspicuously in the prize lists of the Propaganda, of Laval, McGill and Harvard Universities, and who have become eminent in all stations of life. Early in the past year Bishop McIntyre invited the Jesuit Fathers to Charlottetown, and handed over to them St. Dunstan's College and its adjoining acres. Welcomed cordially by all the Catholics of the Province, these Fathers took possession in July, and in September opened with a School of 45 boys, many of them representatives of the best Catholic families of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Rev. George Kenny, S. J., son of Sir Edward Kenny, of Halifax, is the Father Principal, assisted by two priests, three scholastics and four lay brothers.

For the Protestant girls of Charlottetown there is nothing but the public schools; for the Catholics, there is the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame, a large and imposing brick building capable of accommodating about 100 boarders. These Sisters have also a poor school (St. Ann's) adjacent to the large boarding school, (St. Mary's) and there is in Pownal street another Convent, St. Joseph's, instituted also for the poorer classes of society. This St. Joseph's school has a history all its own which I think is well worth relating.

Long, long ago, in the beginning of the present century, there was built in the country parish of St. Andrew's, 18 miles from Charlottetown, the first Catholic Church erected on the Island under British rule. It was of modest dimensions, though not what one would



call a very small building. It witnessed the marriage and baptism of all the early Catholics of the place; upon its Altar it is probable that Bishop du Plessis offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in 1812, and within its hallowed walls was chanted the requiem of the first Prelate of the Diocese, the venerable Bishop McEachern. As the prosperity of the Catholics of St. Andrew's increased, so also increased their desire to have a more modern and commodious place of worship. In 1864 the Right Rev. Dr. McIntyre, Bishop of Charlottetown, full of love for the little ones of his flock, and zealous for their temporal and spiritual instruction, decided that the old Parish Church of St. Andrew's should be brought to Charlottetown and set up there to serve as a school for the education and training of children then playing about the streets in poverty and ignorance. Accordingly in the March of that year the cavalcade started. One hundred and twenty horses attached to the old Church drew it gaily down the frozen surface of the Hillsborough river, and, though some days were employed in the work, the Church was at length safely set up in Pownall street, Charlottetown, and there Four sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame with a few straggling pupils began a work that to day sees nearly 200 day scholars, patterns of neatness, diligence and order manifesting the blessing of Heaven on their labors. Besides the three Convents of the Congregation Nuns in Charlottetown they have one in Summerside, one in Miscouche, one in Tignish, and two others in the course of construction in King's County, the east end of the Island.

In Prince Edward Island the secular system of State Education is in force, the Catholics have always tried to provide an education in accordance with the teaching of the Church, and at times applied to the Legislature for a just settlement of the question, but, in vain. A Parliament commission enquired into the state of the Public Schools in 1875 and found that some of those who were against Catholic rights were teaching the *Presbyterian Catechism* in their schools!

At a general election in 1876, the question of payment for results in schools regardless of what form of relig-

ion might be taught therein came before the people. Hon. J. C. Pope, the present Minister of Marine, was the leader of the party favourable to "Payment for results;" he was supported by all the Catholics, but by very few Protestants, and was defeated in Charlottetown by a small majority. An exclusively Protestant Government was formed. Within two years it had become more unpopular than any Government ever known. It collapsed, but the school question is still unsettled.

It is but natural that Catholic rights should be slowly recognized in a place, of which the Protestant historian Tuttle says, speaking of the year 1779:—*"One reason for the lack of emigration to this colony was the bigotry of the Church of England, and the exclusion of Roman Catholics from settlement on the Island!"* Again, we read in Campbell's history:—*"The Governor was required to perform other duties which were grossly unjust, and in some cases beyond human capability. He was, for example, enjoined by the 26th and 27th articles of his instructions to 'permit liberty of conscience to all persons except Roman Catholics, so they be contented with a quiet and peaceable enjoyment of the same, not giving offence or scandal to the government.' No schoolmaster coming from England, was permitted to teach without a license from the Bishop of London; and, it was assumed in his instructions that all Christians, save those connected with the Church of England were heterodox. Some denominations were indeed tolerated, but in conformity to the bigoted British policy of the times, Roman Catholics were not permitted to settle on the Island. This sectarian policy has borne bitter fruit in Ireland, in the alienation of a great mass of the Irish people. So deeply has this alienation struck its roots, and so widely spread are its branches, that, notwithstanding Catholic Emancipation, its effects are painfully visible not only to Ireland, but also in the masses of the Irish people located in the United States. More than one generation will pass away, ere the evil effects of unjust Anti-Catholic legislation are totally obliterated from the continent of America."*

It was during the wise and just administration of one of the best and most popular Governors ever granted to the Island that a better state of things was

established. The Catholics of Prince Edward Island ought to regard with affection the memory of Colonel Ready, himself a loyal Irishman, and a lover of justice and equity. When he came out as governor he found the Island in agitation, bondage and turmoil, by his tact and energy he brought peace and prosperity, and so improved the condition of the colony, that we find between the years 1829 and 1831, "eighteen hundred and forty-four emigrants had arrived, and new life was infused into the commerce and agriculture of the Island." It was during the Session of 1830, the second year of Colonel Ready's administration, that the act passed for "the relief of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects," by which their civil and political disabilities were repealed, and "all places of trust or profit, rendered as open to them, as to any other portion of the King's subjects."

And yet, in spite of all these disadvantages in the past and present, the Catholics of Prince Edward Island have been "up and doing." They are not behind their Protestant countrymen in good works, nor in educational establishments, nor in the erection of their Churches, nor in the estimation of other towns and cities. Professionally and commercially, they stand well. There are two Irish Catholic judges on the bench, many Irish and Scotch Catholics figure prominently on the lists of law and medicine, and on the roll of merchants;—the wealthiest man in P. E. Island is an Irish Catholic, (Mr. Owen Connolly,) who, coming from Ireland about thirty years ago, started in a small way in Charlottetown, and by energy, honesty and application to business, is to day the possessor of a vast amount of real estate, and owner of large mercantile houses in Charlottetown, Souris, Montague and Cardigan.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

#### PROVERBS.

FROM DUFFY'S "YOUNG IRELAND."

*(Gathered for THE HARP.)*

"In political movements nothing is more embarrassing than a false start."

"It is a weakness of England to believe evil willingly of men whom she dislikes or fears."

"Arbitrary power bestowed by a

community upon a conspicuous citizen is a gift which is apt to be fatal to one or other of the contracting parties; it may be wise to grant it in extreme cases, but it can scarcely ever be accepted with impunity."

"There is no case so trite and unimpressive as a case which no one disputes."

"It is not in defence of their material interests, still less to adjust an account of profit and loss, that a people makes supreme efforts."

"Passion and imagination have won victories which reason and self-interest would have attempted in vain."

"Teaching is successful in proportion as it accommodates itself to the needs of those who are to be taught."

"Human nature is not so constituted that the mass of mankind can long love what injures and humiliates them, under whatever sanction the claim may be made."

"Many men refrain from reading Irish history as sensitive and selfish persons refrain from witnessing human suffering. But it is a branch of knowledge as indispensable to the British statesman or publicist as morbid anatomy to the surgeon. To prescribe remedies without studying the seat of the disease, and the habits of the patient, is empiricism and quackery."

"A man has but one mother country; if he sees her in rags and tears while her next neighbor is in comfort and splendor, it is scarcely good to be content or to preach contentment. If he knows that she is living under the lash of unequal laws, that the sword of justice has long been turned against her bosom as a weapon of assault, that she was made poor and is kept poor by perverse legislation, it would be base to be content; for 'nations are not called on like private persons when smitten on one cheek to turn the other.'"

"A man with clear convictions and exact knowledge is a greater power than ten men wanting these endowments, and force and tension of character may be increased in a community in like proportion."

"To the untaught the Past is a region as blank as the Future; but from the Past the veil might be lifted by knowledge."



"From ignorance comes sycophancy. Slaves look upon their masters with superstitious awe; upon themselves with superstitious distrust."

"The highest training is that of the character. The practice of speaking and acting only the truth, more than military or commercial or intellectual eminence, makes a country great and happy; while contempt for obligations and authority does but make citizens banditti."

"Every law which produced on the whole more misery than happiness was wicked, and ought to be abolished or resisted."

"When a people have the boundaries and history, the separate character and physical resources, and still more, when they have the virtue and genius, of a nation, they are bound in conscience, in prudence, and in wisdom, to assert their individuality, no matter how conciliation may lure or armies threaten."

"Politics mean the science of governing a country to its advantage and honor; not the calculation of chances between the competitors for Government billets."

"When nature creates in a great man the force ordinarily distributed through several generations, she generally recoups herself by a scanty allowance to his immediate successors."

"The ambition of strong and generous natures begets emulation; the ambition of the weak is apt to degenerate into envy."

"The most severe of men or nations may be turned into a belligerent by a slap in the face."

"They have read history to little purpose who believe that men enter on resistance to wrong only after they have predetermined by what stages the contest is to be conducted to its remote issue."

"Political arithmetic is not an exact science."

"How the one man of genius for whom the occasion has long waited, does his appointed work when he comes, is always a puzzle to his contemporaries. No catalogue of the things he undertook, or induced others to undertake, enables us to comprehend it; they represent the sum of his labors only as

rude dots on a map represent fertile islands and populous cities, leaving to the imagination or memory the task of turning the bare symbols into landscapes and pictures. But we cannot altogether dispense with the catalogue."

"It is as mad and wicked to extinguish the light history throws on the past as to extinguish a beacon on rocks where a navy may founder."

"The prudent class run to a prosperous cause with as sure an instinct as they run away from a losing one."

"In politics almost as much as in war, it is necessary in a supreme crisis to follow the chosen leader with a fidelity which postpones criticism, till his commission is withdrawn."

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(For THE HARP.)

### A LEGEND OF THE EARL OF TYRONE.

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THE dark and romantic history of the Earl of Tyrone would, of itself, occupy a larger space than the HARP affords. The following episode, connected with his concealment in the neighbourhood of Rochdale, the author does not presume to bring forward as a fact. Yet there are good reasons for supposing that it formed an important era in his life, and was followed very soon after by the Queen's pardon. The importance of this measure may be conceived, when, by some, Elizabeth's depression, and the profound melancholy she exhibited in her latter hours, were attributed to this source. It is said she repented of having pronounced his forgiveness; that having always resolved to bring him to condign punishment, she could receive no satisfaction from his submission; while the advantages of her high estate, and the glories of a prosperous reign, were unable to alleviate her disappointment.

The following is a brief sketch of his life—extracted from the Protestant English historians, Cox, Camden, Winwood, and Sydney's letters:—

Hugh O'Neil was nephew to Shane O'Neil, or the Great O'Neil, as he was commonly called; well-known for his eminent courage, a virtue much esteemed by the Irish whom he commanded. He was created Earl of Tyrone by Eliza-

beth; but disliking his servitude, and wishful to liberate his country from the English yoke, he entered into a correspondence with Spain, procured from thence a supply of arms and ammunition, and having united many of the Irish Chiefs in a dependence upon himself, he began to be regarded as a formidable enemy.

The English found much difficulty in pursuing the rebels (as they kindly termed the Irish), into the bogs, woods, and other fastnesses to which they retreated. Sir John Norris, who commanded the English army, was rendered thereby more willing to hearken to the proposals made by Tyrone, and the war was spun out by these artifices for some years. Sir John dying, as was reported, of vexation and discontent, was succeeded by Sir Henry Bagnall. He advanced to the relief of Blackwater, than besieged by the Irish, but was surrounded in *disadvantageous ground*!! His soldiers, discouraged by part of their powder accidentally taking fire, were put to flight; and, though the pursuit was stopped by Montacute, who commanded the English horse, fifteen hundred men, were left dead upon the field. This victory, roused the courage of the Irish, supplied them with arms and ammunition of war, and raised the renown of Tyrone, who was hailed as deliverer of his country and patron of Irish liberty.

The unfortunate Essex was afterwards appointed to the command; but his troops were so terrified at the reputation of Tyrone, that many of them counterfeited sickness, and others deserted, fearful of encountering the forces of that daring chief.

Finding himself in a great measure deserted, he hearkened to a message from Tyrone, who desired a conference; and a plain near the two camps was appointed for this purpose. The two generals met, without any attendants. A river ran between them, into which Tyrone entered to his saddle-girth, but Essex stood on the opposite bank.

At this meeting, the historians from whom we quote say: Tyrone behaved with great submission to the lord lieutenant, and a cessation of arms was agreed on. Essex also received a proposal of peace, into which Tyrone had

inserted many unreasonable and exorbitant conditions; and there appeared afterwards some reason to suspect that the former had commenced a very unjustifiable correspondence with the enemy. From this time the beam of Essex's favor was obscured,—the issue terminating in his disgrace and death. In the meantime, Tyrone had thought proper to break the truce; (having received many lessons of cunning and duplicity from his English enemies), and, joining with O'Donnell and others, over ran almost the whole kingdom. He pretended—say our historians, to be the Champion of the Catholic faith, and openly exulted in the present of a phoenix plume, which Clement VIII., in order to encourage him in the prosecution of so good a cause, had consecrated and conferred upon him. Essex being recalled, the Queen appointed Mountjoy as lord deputy. He found the island in a desperate condition; but being a man of capacity and vigor, he immediately advanced against Tyrone in Ulster. He penetrated into the heart of that country, the chief seat of the rebels. He fortified Derry and Mount Morris. He chased them from the field, and obliged them again to shelter in woods and morasses; and, by these promising enterprises, he gave new life to the Queen's authority throughout the island.

As we promised at the outstart, to quote from English Protestant historians, we will not spoil this pretty little narrative, by quoting counter and more reliable authorities neither at present, nor as we progress.

Tyrone, however, still boasted that he was certain of receiving the promised aid from Spain; and everything was put in condition for resisting the Spanish invasion, which was daily expected. The deputy, informed of the danger to which the Southern provinces were exposed, left the prosecution of the war against Tyrone, who was now reduced to great extremities, and marched with his army into Munster.

At last the Spaniards, under Don Juan d'Aguila, arrived at Kinsale; and Sir Richard Percy, who commanded in the town with a small garrison of one hundred and fifty men, found himself obliged to abandon it on their appearance. These invaders amounted to four



thousand, and the Irish discovered a strong propensity to join them, in order to free themselves from the English government, with which they were extremely discontented. It is unnecessary to enter into details concerning the chief grounds of their complaints. The Irish, also, bore a great favor to the Spaniards, having entertained the opinion that they themselves were descended from that nation; and their attachment to the Catholic religion proved a new cause of affection for the invaders. D'Aguila assumed the title of General in this "holy war," for the preservation of the faith in Ireland, and he endeavored to persuade the people (and with little trouble) that Elizabeth was, by several bulls of the Pope, deprived of her crown; that her subjects were absolved from their oaths of allegiance, and that the Spaniards were come to deliver the Irish from the dominion of the devil. Mountjoy found it necessary to act with vigor, in order to prevent a total insurrection of the Irish; and having collected his forces, he formed the siege of Kinsale by land; while Sir Richard Levison, with a squadron, blockaded it by sea. He had no sooner begun his operations than he heard of the arrival of another body of two thousand Spaniards, under the command of Alphonso Ocampo, who had taken possession of Baltimore and Berehaven; and he was obliged to detach Sir George Carew to oppose their progress. Tyrone, meanwhile, with Randal MacSurley Tirel, Baron of Kelly, and other chieftains of the Irish, had joined Ocampo with all their forces, and were marching to the relief of Kinsale. The deputy, informed of their design by intercepted letters, made preparations to receive them; and being reinforced by Levison with six hundred marines, he posted his troops on an advantageous ground, which lay on the passage of the enemy, leaving some cavalry to prevent a sally from D'Aguila and the Spanish garrison. When Tyrone, with a detachment of Irish and Spaniards, approached, he was surprised to find the English so well posted, and ranged for battle, and he immediately sounded a retreat; but the deputy gave orders to pursue him; and, having thrown these advanced troops into confusion, he followed them

to the main body, which he also attacked and put to flight, with the slaughter of twelve hundred men. Ocampo was taken prisoner; Tyrone fled into Ulster; O'Donnel made his escape into Spain; and D'Aguila, finding himself reduced to the greatest difficulties, was obliged to capitulate upon such terms as the deputy prescribed to him. He surrendered Kinsale and Baltimore, and agreed to evacuate the kingdom. This great blow, joined to other successes gained by Wilmot, Governor of Kerry, and by Roger and Gavin Harvey, threw the rebels into dismay, and gave a prospect of the final reduction of Ireland.

The remaining part of Tyrone's history may be gathered from the narrative.

Among other memorable incidents illustrative of his character, it is said that Tyrone, appearing in person to execute a treaty, immediately on the issue of some sanguinary engagement, was requested to sign the terms.

"Here is my signature," said he, laying his bloody hand on the deed: "'tis the mark of the Kings of Ulster."

Hence, tradition gravely asserts, was the origin of "The bloody Hand," the arms of Ulster! That such a derivation is fabulous, we need not attempt to prove.

We have not attempted to spoil the narrative of our historians, nor to pluck even one leaf from the laurels with which they have crowned their *immortal heroes*; and although the temptation to enter into the facts of history are almost irresistible—still we will leave the *heroes* of our *historians* in undisturbed rest and proceed with the

#### LEGEND OF THE EARL OF TYRONE.

What a paradox is love!—the most selfish and yet the most disinterested of the passions; the gentlest and yet the most terrible of impulses that can agitate the human bosom; the most ennobling and the most humble; the most enduring and the most transient; slow as the most subtle venom to its work, yet impetuous in its career as the tornado or the whirl-wind; sportive as the smile of infancy, and appalling as the maniac's shriek, or the laugh of his tormentor. 'Tis a joy nursed in the warm glow of hope; but who shall reveal the depths of its despair! 'Twas given to

man as his best boon—his most precious gift; but his own hand polluted the shrine,—marred the beauteous and holy deposit. The loveliest image was then smitten with deformity, and that passion, the highest and noblest that could animate his bosom, became the bane of his happiness, the destroyer of his peace, and the source whence every attribute of woe hath sprung to afflict and darken the frail hopes of humanity. This may be the dark side of the picture; but unless the breath of Heaven sanctify even the purest affections of our nature, they are a withering blast, blighting its fairest verdure,—a torment and a curse!

The following narrative, floating but indistinctly on the author's memory, and, in all probability, attached to other names, in localities widely apart, is yet, he believes, true as to the more important particulars. The site of a few cottages in a romantic dell in the neighborhood of Rochdale, is still associated with the memory of the unfortunate Earl of Tyrone. It is called "Tyrone's bed."

In history, this noble chief is depicted in colors the most hideous and detestable; but, "if the lion had been the painter," we should have had to contemplate a different portrait. By his countrymen he was held in the highest reverence and respect;—beloved by all, hailed, too, as the expected deliverer of his native land from wrong and oppression. The most bigoted of his prosecutors cannot deny that oppression, foul and inhuman, did exist; and the men who took up arms for the rescue of their brethren may be pitied, if not pardoned, for their noble, elevated, and enduring spirit. "Let us not be misunderstood," says our historian, "as the advocates of rebellion; but surely there are occasions when the galling yoke of oppression may be too heavy to sustain,—when the crushed reptile may, writhing, turn against him who tramples it. Let us not do this wrong even to our enemies, by refusing to admire in them the disinterestedness and magnanimity which, in others, would have ensured our admiration and applause." This is very fair and sensible on the part of our historian—even graceful;—we could wish that the English writers of to-day, who write heavy, ponderous

articles, on Ireland, her men, manners, and customs, were endued with half the sense and ability, which the writer of the above quotation has shown. But to the thread of our narrative:—About a mile from the spot we have just named stood the ancient mansion of Grislehurst. Surrounded on every side by dark and almost trackless woods, sprung through a long line of ancestry from primeval forests, it reposed in undisturbed seclusion, secure from hostility or alarm. Gable-ends and long casements broke the low piebald front into a variety of detail,—a combination of effect, throwing an air of picturesque beauty on the whole, which not all the flimsy and frittered "gothic" can convey to mansions of modern antiques. For the timber employed in its erection, a forest must have been laid prostrate. Huge arched fireplaces; chimney-pieces, carved with armorial bearings; oak tables, absolutely joisted to sustain their vast bulk; bedsteads, that would not have groaned with the weight of a Titan; the whole intended to oppose a ponderous resistance to the ravages of time and fashion. Not a vestige is left. Those laughing halls echo no more with the loud and boisterous revel; the music of the "many twinkling" feet is gone; scarcely a stone is left upon its fellow; a few straggling trees alone mark the site. The beech and willow are waving o'er its hearth! Who would build for the destroyer? And yet man, with the end of these vanities in prospect, daily, hourly, still builds on; his schemes and his projects extending through the long vista of succeeding ages, as though his dwelling were eternal, and his own fabric should survive the ruin and the doom of all!

A long train of ancestors, bearing the name of Holt, occupied this dwelling as the family mansion. The manor of Spotland, forfeited, as some say by the rebellion of Paslew, Abbot of Whalley, was granted by Henry the Eighth to Thomas Holt, afterwards knighted in Scotland by Edward, Earl of Hertford, in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of that monarch. The possessor of the same name, grandson to Sir Thomas, resided at Grislehurst during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign and that of James. He married Constance, daugh-



ter of Sir Edward Littleton, of Pillaton Hall, Stafford. One son, Francis, and a daughter, named Constance, were the fruit of this union. At the commencement of our narrative, he had been for some years a widower, and his son was then absent on foreign travel. It was in the memorable year 1603, the last of Elizabeth. The rebellion in Ireland had been smothered, if not extinguished; and the great O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, and King of Ulster, together with many other chiefs, were forced to remain concealed in woods and morasses. Outlawed and outcast, some of them crossed over into England, remaining there until pardoned by the Queen.

Constance was now in her nineteenth year. Bright as her own morn of life, she had seen but few clouds in that season of hope and delight. Sorrow was to her scarce known, save in the nursery-tales and wild ballads of the surrounding district. When that glowing season was overcast she was unprepared, unfitted for the change. The storm came, and the little sum of her happiness, launched on one frail and perishing bark, was wrecked without a struggle!

One evening, in the full glare of a dazzling sunset, the light streaming like a shower through the dark foliage of the valley, she had loitered, along with her old nurse, in the dell to which we have before alluded. The fervid atmosphere was just fading into the dewy tint which betokens a fair morrow. To enjoy a more extended gaze upon the clouds, those gorgeous vestures of the sun, Constance had ascended, by a winding path, to the edge of a steep cliff overhanging the river. She stood for some minutes looking towards the west, unconscious of the loose and slippery nature of the materials beneath her feet, and of her near approach to the brink. On a sudden the ground gave way, and she was precipitated headlong into the stream. Nurse Agnes, who stood below watching her young mistress, not without apprehension as to the consequences of her temerity, was stricken motionless with horror. There seemed to be no help. Fast receding from all hope of succor, Constance was borne rapidly down. Suddenly, with the swiftness of a deer from the brake, a figure bounded from an opposite

thicket. He scarce left his footmarks on the long herbage ere he gained the river's brink; when, plunging into the current, he succeeded in rescuing the maiden from her perilous condition. He laid her gently on the bank, beckoning to her attendant, and was speedily out of sight. The aged Agnes, with trembling hands, relieved Constance by loosening the folds from her throat; and almost ere she had wrung out the water from her raven locks, the stranger returned. He brought a cordial; and, while moistening her lips, the old woman chafed her temples, resorting to the usual modes of resuscitation then in practice. In the end, Constance opened her eyes. A heavy sob accompanied this effort. Looking wildly round, she met the deep gaze of the stranger. With a faint shriek, she hid her face in the bosom of her attendant, who, overjoyed at her recovery, could scarcely refrain from falling at the feet of her deliverer. She turned to express her thanks but he was gone.

*(To be Continued.)*

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### CHIT-CHAT.

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—Has it never occurred to that exceedingly crass individual, John Bull, that the wars in India and Basuto-land—the only countries governed *by* England for England—are standing proofs of England's inability to govern, and are standing claims for Home Rule for Ireland? "Englishmen," says the logic of facts, "are unable to govern such inferior races as the Hindoo and Basuto—(they were unable to govern Canada) how can they ever hope to rule the quick witted highly intelligent Celt? How? Step down and out brave Englishmen—since you are a failure in Ireland."

—"Ireland could not govern itself." What then? What is that to *you*? Has God ever given you Englishmen a patent to govern all ill-conditioned countries? And because your neighbour mismanages his estate, is that any reason, why you should swallow it up? You are altogether too officious. Ireland does not want either you or your government. Why then force yourselves

upon her? Why? Again step down and out—you are not wanted there.

—“She could not govern herself.” How do you know? Are you not speaking without your proofs? Have you ever tried her? Never; not even for a day. An army of forty thousand bayonets—blazers, bruisers, Brunswickers and peelers—is not the way to teach self-government; nor the way to arrive at an estimate of how far a kingdom is capable of governing itself. How then do you know that Ireland cannot govern? You do not, you cannot.

—And when Ireland would try to govern herself did you let her? On the contrary—you took every possible precaution, that she should not succeed. Nay; you disgraced and degraded yourself before the nations in your endeavors against success. You were afraid of success because that would have destroyed your “raison d’être” in Ireland, and hence you fomented quarrels, fostered feuds and set up class isolations and creed distinctions, and ~~this~~ you call “government.” Call it policy, if you will, but do not shock the sensibilities of Christian men by calling it government. Your *policy* was that unholy, unmanly and demoralizing one of pagan Rome, “divide et impera,” and well and unscrupulously have you kept it!

—“Ireland is degraded.” Is she? If so, whose the fault? You have been governing her for seven centuries. If she is degraded, who is to blame? Seven centuries of *rule* ought not to have left her *degraded*. Seven centuries of *misrule* might, but seven centuries of good rule ought not. I fear, like the drowning pig you are only cutting your own throat in your frantic efforts to save yourself. Your arguments only turn against yourself. Prove Ireland degraded, and the disgrace of that degradation falls upon yourself. If you value your reputation for *government* (and the governing races remember are the *superior* races) let us not hear *that* accusation again.

—Seven centuries of rule! or misrule be it which it may! Say then: what if you should step down and out and let

some one else try. *Theirs* could not be a worse failure than *yours*.

—“The Irish Priest has kept the Irish people disaffected.” Take care! you are again cutting your own throat. If the Irish Priest has kept the Irish people disaffected, the Irish Priest must wield a power superior to yours. If he possess that power, why not let him use it? why not let him govern Ireland? You have failed, most signally, failed! The filing in of your soldiers proves *that*. The bayonet is *coercion* not *government*. Let the Irish Priest then have his innings. His could not possibly be a worse failure than yours. You surely do not wish to be the dog in the manger. *That* were government of a *very* low order.

—Can it be possible that good English Protestants have come to so low a pass as to have to admit, that the hated Church of Rome, that part of darkness in high places, has more power than those angels of light, Anglicanism, Calvinism, Presbyterianism, modern progress, British bayonets and British gold? The thing is preposterous on the face of it!

—But are the Irish incapable of self-government? We think *not*, and the Land League has proved *not*. You are pouring troops into Ireland as fast as you can. You had already an army of occupation there. You are going to ask Parliament for extraordinary powers. You would suspend the British constitution—that paragon of perfection which is continually breaking down in Ireland at least—and all this time a few obscure individuals, Parnell & Co., are governing the country as well as could be, and better than you wish. How then can the Irish be said to be incapable of self-government? Parnell is Irish—the Land League is Irish.

—And the Land League is governing Ireland not with the consent, but in spite of England—in spite of the British Constitution—in spite of the British army—in spite of every thing English; Parnell is governing Ireland for the Irish, which surely is the true view of government. And yet you would have us believe that Ireland is incapable of



self-government. Bah! again we say Bah!

—These periodical failures in Ireland of the Great British Constitution—what do they prove?

—Well! the least they prove is, that the British Constitution has scant business in Ireland, and that the sooner, like Boycott, it packs up its traps and starts the better—for Ireland and the British Constitution.

—“Ireland has no grievances.” Let A County Magistrate (in *The Spectator*, Dec. 18th, 1880, P. 1622) answer this. Thus the County Magistrate: “Mr. N—— was the most intelligent peasant and the greatest rebel I ever knew; he used to say God gave him many gifts, health, and strength, and brains, and all were made of no avail by English law. Mr. N——, about the time he came of age, asked permission from a landlord to fence in and drain a piece of ‘wild bog,’ and build a cottage upon it; he was in love, and hoped, by industry, care, and toil, to create a happy home. As the land he wanted was not worth a farthing an acre, his request was readily granted; he chose a piece of wild mountain-side, sloping to the high road, with a full southern exposure; and here he toiled day by day, and often far into the night, when the moon gave light to guide his hand. Soon a cottage, far better than the ordinary run of Irish cabins, sprang up, as if by magic, and here the happy couple began their life of hope. From the surrounding gentry, cuttings of fruit and forest trees were readily obtained, and as years went by, garden and fields were surrounded by sheltering hedges. Corn and green crops were everywhere, and year by year other acres were added, and no trace remained of the stunted heather or the ‘shaking bog;’ but alas! the estate was sold in the ‘Landed Estates Court,’ a new proprietor came in, and poor Mr. N—— was called upon to pay for the twenty acres which he had created £30 a year. He resisted, an ejectment was brought against him, and as he was more than forty years old, and could not begin life again, he could only yield.” The valuation of the entire holding, the result of his years of toil

and sweat, was not £20 a year; but £30 was demanded from him, and that he was compelled to pay. I remember well the struggle and the grief, as he looked around upon the soil which he had created, the trees which he had planted, the house where his children were born, and he could not tear himself away. He made his decision. On the last day of grace, as the sun went down, he entered his house as a rebel, and has ever since been a pauper. I have heard him say, in his simple way, if he could make his case known to the Queen, who, alas! was too far away, he would be sure to be ‘righted,’ but Parliament and M.P.’s were of no use; and in unhappy Ireland Mr. N—— is but a ‘picture and a type.’

“I am, Sir, &c.,

A COUNTY MAGISTRATE.”

—And this is British rule in Ireland! Heaven help poor Ireland! And it is “rebellion” to resist such rule. We doubt us much, if Uncle Toby’s “recording angel” will ever write it so.

H. B.

## THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED.

HIS Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, has addressed a letter “to the editors of an independent and generous press,” in which he freely gives expression to his views on the Irish question. As we cannot afford space to give the article in full, we select from it the following pointed extracts:

### EFFECTS OF WHOLESALE EMIGRATION.

Some years ago I wrote on the evils of that wholesale and improvident emigration from Ireland which caused the destruction of hundreds of thousands of families thrown on this continent in a state of destitution. They came, not as the Germans or even the Icelanders come, with means to settle in the country places and to follow their usual avocations; but, robbed of their birthright in Ireland, they were obliged to sink into degradation in the back slums of our cities, where their children grow up to shame their parents. It could not be otherwise, and the press did incalculable

service in exposing those evils. I therefore appeal now with confidence to the same power to put a stop to a threatened evil worse than the last.

In my letter I gave the statistics of jails and poor-houses, which contained far more than the average number of Irish. Their crimes were not of the higher class, but arose chiefly from the want of the necessaries of life. Our lunatic asylums had also more than their complement of the unhappy Irish. This arose from disturbances, fretting, loss of home and friends. Tens of thousands of Irish orphans were drafted off from the cities to the Western States as slaves for the farmers. Their names were changed that their country and religion might be unknown. A million and a half of the Irish people were swept from the face of the earth from want of potatoes though their country produced an enormous quantity of every other kind of food, which was sold to pay unjust and exorbitant rents to inhuman landlords, who were backed by the power of the English military.

In France, Russia, Germany, and other countries export of grain is forbidden when the crops are not of the usual yield, but not so by the Government of England, which claims to be as highly civilized as any of them. The forced exodus of the Irish people followed, bringing desolation to thousands of families who received the plague stricken people in America, leaving the track of the immigrant ship black with tossing corpses, and the story of England's cruelty written on the ocean's bed in the white bones of murdered millions. What a day it will be when the sea shall give up the dead that are in it!

For the enormity of forcing its people to starvation or exile shall there not be a day of reckoning for that proud country? Shall not the oppression of the poor, which cries to Heaven for vengeance, be laid at her door? Has she not already begun to feel the retribution? Has England lost no prestige or military power from the forced exodus of her Irish subjects. Have not Irish soldiers upheld her power by their blood and lives in every clime? Can she find as many recruits there now? Will not the people be tempted to visit with civil excommunication the relatives of future

recruits? A great army was put to a complete rout by little insects. They crept into the eyes and ears of the elephants which carried the war materials, and maddened them. So take care.

#### CRUEL MISGOVERNMENT.

Unfortunately Ireland is governed by the laws, as it were, of a cruel step-mother; laws which have destroyed her trade turned her peasantry into slaves who starve in toiling to support exorbitant imperial taxation and rack-rents and absentee landlords, as well as the unfriendly Government officials, who are foreign to the people in almost everything. We who enjoy the blessings of a good Government in Canada, free from the trammels of effete feudalism, of so called vested rights, and of pride of caste, feel the degradation of Ireland more than others. No wonder then that the Irish when they come to this happy country look back with revenge in their hearts when they compare laws and conditions of things. We were surprised to find so many young men of Irish parentage amongst the Fenians in this country. The answer invariably given for being in their ranks was that their mothers told them such fearful stories of their former oppression that they burned to revenge it in some way. Is it wise to scatter out into the world a people so ill-treated and so justly discontented, who will rejoice at every reverse of British arms or trade?

#### HEARTLESS EVICTIONS.

The present Bishop of Meath told me two hundred families were evicted in the stormy days of December. The military of England and the constabulary of Ireland with horses dragged down the roofs of all the two hundred wretched cabins. A pelting storm of rain, such as often occurs in Ireland, swept over the country that night. The bishop, then the curate of the parish, went along the road next morning to visit a number of dying persons, young and old. "Such a sight made my heart tremble," said the bishop, as the tears started into his eyes. The presence of the priest was quickly conveyed along the road—men, women, and crying children soon clustered around him. Their wet, blackened and ragged clothes clung to their shivering limbs. To shelter themselves during the rainy night, they propped together



the rafters, which were covered with soot, and the rain, falling upon them, drenched the unfortunate people; hence the black faces and clothes. The good priest prepared for death quite a number of these poor people, and it took all his eloquence and piety to calm their feelings of indignation and wrath against their oppressors. When he asked them in the name of God, to die as Christ died on the cross, forgiving their enemies, he succeeded in every case. In one year, his lordship said, half of these people were dead from cold, starvation, and loss of everything that would make life possible.

#### ENGLAND'S CIVILIZATION.

Such facts would be incredible in any civilized country, but they are too frequent in unfortunate Ireland. There is just indignation (!) at the shooting of a rich man, who oppressed hundreds of poor, and who gloated over the victims of his degraded concupiscence, but apparently little pity in high quarters for the quasi-legalized murder of tens of thousands of poor people. A great doctor of the Church once said: "You have *willingly* let the man starve—you have *murdered* him!" There are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but none to prevent cruelty to human beings in Ireland. England has spent millions of pounds sterling in putting down the slave trade, in feeding the pagans of India, and in civilizing, *by the sword*, the unfortunate Africans, but the Irish serfs are treated as wild animals or noxious beasts, and this in the nineteenth century by the most Bible spreading people of the world.

I visited some years ago, by invitation one of the best conducted poor-houses in the County Wicklow. Indignation and shame arose in my heart at once on seeing the children with bald heads and gray hair, caused by constantly being fed three times a day on oatmeal porridge—no vegetables or other food—whilst poor-rates went to support a cumbersome lot of officials, well-fed and well-clothed.

#### WORSE OFF THAN LOUISIANA SLAVES.

On my first arrival in America I visited the plantations of Louisiana; I found that the slaves were better fed, better clothed and better housed than the generality of the peasantry of Ireland. One

of the most illustrious of the English cardinals said that "the Irish people must be more or less than human (angels or irrational beings) to bear the treatment which they were receiving." Another Englishman said to me tauntingly, "that the Irish deserved all they got if they were slaves enough to bear it." Last year vast multitudes of starving poor were fed by the charity of foreign countries, whilst their own rulers did next to nothing in such a crisis. The good and noble Duchess of Marlborough was a bright star in a very gloomy sky, and lessened as far as she could the everlasting disgrace of England. Another personage, the Duke of Edinburgh, contributed his share too. He humbled himself so far as to become one of the chief almoners of American generosity in saving the lives of his royal mother's subjects from "death by starvation." Whilst the people were starving their rulers in Parliament were wrangling over a bill for the preservation of hares and rabbits for the sport of the aristocracy.

#### THE MORAL SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Besides the human aspect of this disgraceful and sad state of things in Ireland, there is also the sacred and moral side. The consciences of the clergy are sorely tried between loyalty to the Government and the loyalty which they owe to their oppressed people. They wish to preserve the peace, and keep the defenceless peasantry from being slaughtered in a foolish rising. For this they are accused by many well meaning persons of holding down the victims whilst their life's blood is being drained from them. How many deeds of revenge might have been committed were it not for the religious influence of the Irish clergy? The weightiest argument on their side is that no people, no matter how much oppressed, have a right to revolt without a moral certainty of ultimate success, as their condition would be made worse by failure. What thanks do the faithful priests receive from the English Government? *None!* They were called surpliced ruffians in the Parliament of England, and their bishops were insulted. The Irish have read the encouragement given by word, example, and hospitality of their English masters to the revolutionists of Europe, and their

glorification of the chiefs of revolt, Garibaldi, for instance, and his associates. The Irish have also learned the rights of peoples and the obligations of their rulers, and the sanctity of law, which must be for the general good, and not for the convenience of a few. Otherwise the law is not law, but a travesty of law.

#### THE CASE STATED.

The statesmen of England must now raise themselves up to the height of the work before them, which is to apply an efficacious remedy to a huge "king's evil," which has drained the life's blood of a sister nation for centuries. The evils are:

1st. The almost total destruction of her commerce and fisheries.

2nd. The over-strain on her national resources from imperial and other taxation.

3rd. The ruin of her peasantry by rack-rents paid to landlords who mispend their money out of Ireland; and

4th. No security for the industry and hard labor of the tiller of the soil.

English statesmen must further keep in mind that,

1st. All civil power comes through the people from God.

2d. That a Government to be legitimate must give universal protection to all its subjects, and enact laws for the general good, and not for a particular class.

3d. That resistance to unjust laws is patriotic, and, under certain circumstances, allowable.

4th. That unjust laws do not bind in conscience.

5th. That Ireland has been unjustly governed for centuries, and hence her frequent revolts.

6th. That the Irish tenant has, generally speaking, according to the Government scheme for the payment of the disestablished church funds, paid over and over again for his land by exorbitant rack-rent.

7th. That sooner or later a patient and just God will punish evil doers, nations as well as individuals.

#### HOME RULE.

The evils which oppress Ireland would be removed by simple justice and equal rights. Let Ireland be governed as is Canada—by her own parliament—then the laws will be made in the interest of

Ireland, and not for the aggrandizement of England alone. England will then have a loyal and friendly nation at her back. She may require one in Europe yet.

The prosperity of Ireland from 1782 to 1830 under its own Government would again revive and the country become as loyal as Canada is. The Irish only ask the common justice granted to other people. The inhabitants of Quebec would not consent to be governed from Ontario and much less would Ontario consent to be governed by Quebec ideas, though under the same Dominion; nor would they permit themselves to be outnumbered by members of Parliament of either province. The few Irish members entirely swamped in an English Parliament are a mere farce of representation, and would not be tolerated here for an instant.

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"WHAT "WIFE" MEANS.—Says Ruskin: What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the great word in which English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be house-wives or house-moths—remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon them and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quite light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power.

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Tract Distributer to Excursionist—  
 "Here, Friend, is a little tract. Avoid Sunday excursions as you would the devil."—Excursionist—"Then get out of my way."



## PARTIZAN POETRY.

At the Concert given by the St Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society in Nordheimer's Hall, on Monday, the 17th of January, there was a large and appreciative gathering. The songs and musical part of the entertainment were very creditably given. The most interesting feature in the evening's performance was an address on Partizan Poetry, by our friend Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C. We would gladly give a full report of the address which was one of interest far beyond the usual concert addresses, but must rest content with the following brief and imperfect sketch of the discourse.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., who, on coming forward, was received with enthusiastic applause, said: That in every great movement the popular mind was naturally directed to the leaders and popular fancy attributed the success of such enterprises to them whose names were more prominently identified with their inception and progress. Yet great as were the exertions of the pronounced leaders of popular movements, there were other factors, whose part, played on a more humble platform were not to be despised and amongst the most powerful for good or for evil, as the case might be were to be ranked the Partizan Poets. In every country the Partizan Poet had wielded an influence that was simply incalculable, but in no place so prominent as amongst the Celtic races. In France the Partizan Poet had actually marked the different eras in the country's history—without going back farther than 1792, he would point to the Marseillaise hymn which had survived the shock of time, and been ever popular with the republican adherents, and he believed that the Martial strains of

"Allons enfants de la patrie."

found an echo in the hearts of the *enfants du sol* in the province of Quebec.

In the great movement of 1830, the Partizan Poet came again to the front in the soul stirring refrain of

"En avant marchons  
Contre les canons  
A travers le feu des bataillons  
Courons a la Victoire."

In 1848 were first heard the strains of the "Girondins"

"Mourir pour la patrie,  
C'est le sort le plus beau le plus digne  
d'envie."

He would merely refer to the Jacobite songs, many of which had come down to us in the pages of romance, and would ever form an interesting index to the spirit of the times in which they were sung. They had re-echoed throughout Scotland and Ireland, and had contributed more than any other source towards enriching the genius of Sir Walter Scott the prince of novelists.

It was in Ireland, however, that partizan poetry had the greatest vogue, and offered no doubt the principal point of attraction to those whom he had now the pleasure of addressing. His hearers were probably better acquainted than he was with the partizan poetry of 1798, the poetry of the National poets, and the counter poetry of the Orange association. There was the poetry of the paid partizans of Castlereagh, which had faded from men's memories, whilst the stirring stanzas of Lysaght and other anti-Union poets still lives in the hearts of the nation. Mr. Curran gave several brief poems as instances of the poetry of those times, amidst ringing cheers. He said there was no mistaking the power of the partizan poet, and was satisfied that the man who had written the "Boyne Water," had done more to commemorate that day's deeds, than the prince who won the battle, or the king who had run away.

He next referred to the poetry of 1848, the brilliant, yet mournful days of the Young Ireland party. He referred to the poems of Davis, and said that all the Young Ireland leaders combined the poetic with their manifold talents. Duffy, McGee and Meagher had all contributed to the volume of popular songs that moved the nation to such deeds of desperation. He said, we had now reached the Home Rule and Land League period, and again the partizan poet was at work and it was questionable whether the speeches and strategic tactics of Parnell did more to push forward the cause, than the Lays of the Land League from the fertile pen of T. D. Sullivan. He instanced the songs of 'Griffiths Valuation,' 'Murty Hynes,'

and the "Tam O'Shanter" as engines of political and partizan warfare more powerful than the most lofty eloquence to reach the heart and direct the course of the people. He next referred to partizan poetry in Canada, which he said was now to be found only in the collection of national songs, but was no longer heard in the drawing room or resounding through the forest or on our majestic rivers. Freedom and constitutional government had hushed their sound forever, yet he doubted not the memory of Sir George Cartier would be preserved longer by his pathetic refrain of

"O Canada mon pays mes amour."

than by his ablest speech in parliament.

With a graceful tribute to Mrs. Sadlier, the late Madame Leprohon, Miss Wilson, now Mrs. Grant, Mr. Farmer, and Myles O'Regan he concluded a brilliant and instructive discourse amidst prolonged cheering.

### SONG OF THE BARD.

"STRIKE the harp, son of Song" said O'Neill the chieftain of Uladh, as he sat amongst his knights, near a blazing oak fire in the Hall of the ancient castle of Benburb—"Conall of the Coolin, give us some of the sweet plaintive airs of Erin to soothe our war-worn spirits—sing the deeds of the mighty dead—that as Osheen says—their ghosts may come in their cloudy forms—and listen to the sounds of their praise—Conall oge of the long curls, son of my father's fair-haired *fileadh*—I love to hear at night a tale of other years."

"And the tales of other years come over my soul like the moonshine in a storm," replied the ancient minstrel, raising his head from the sounding board of his harp, on which he had been leaning—"shall I sing, your Nobleness, of Con of the hundred battles—Niall of the Nine Hostages—the death of the sons of Usneath—the children of Lir—the legend of the prince of Killarney—or Crimthan who crossed the sea to fight the Romans in Britain."

"Crimthan's story—son of Donal Rua" said the chief—"and let the fame of the King swell on the silver strings of your *clarseach*."

A deep silence settled on the Hall—the sounds of banquet board and usquebaugh were hushed—mutely sat each warrior in his place—on a higher seat reclined the chieftain of Uladh, and emblazoned on a shield above his head was "the bloody hand" of the O'Neill.

The eye of the Bard grew bright as his fingers touched the thrilling wires—softly and sweetly rose the prelude—then with bolder hand and a glance of enthusiasm, Conal awakened its loftier strains—his soul was in unison with the swell of grander music that burst from the strings, as he swept them wildly, till the full high notes rolled along the old roof and then again its tones sunk low, and stealing over those warlike spirits—melted their hearts from ardour into melancholy.

Then with a few vibrations, the Bard addressed himself to the tale of Crimthan. *a*

### PART I.

At Ben-a-dair, *b* whose rocks would seem  
The guardians of glen, wood and stream,  
As round in huge fantastic forms  
They stem the waves or brave the storms,  
Once rose the royal Crimthan's court  
Mid ramparts of a famous fort,  
That shadows cast o'er moss and bent  
From tower and mound and battlement;  
It sheltered lay in forest trees  
From wintry wind and cold sea breeze,  
Some mouldering stones point out its walls  
Or broken arch, its festive halls.  
The deer have browsed beneath the shade  
That o'er its site the oaks have made,  
Above it cries the lone sea-mew  
Then seeks her nest across the waters blue.

And chosen well in after years,  
That varied landscape, plain and coast,  
As camp and court of his compeers

By Fionn for the Finian host,  
Amid its chequered glades and fields  
Their shouts in mimic warfare rung,  
The clang of armour, clash of shields,  
The whir of spears by heroes flung,  
And sounds of martial sports, the race  
And feasts of *Fian Eire-ann*, *c*  
Whose chiefs, mid music of the chase,  
Would hunt with hairy footed Bran, *d*  
Where in its flowery, verdant vales

*a.* Agricola was the Roman general during Crimthan's reign—and Augustus Caesar, emperor. It is known that an invasion of Hibernia was intended by them.

*b.* The hill of oaks—for centuries since called Howth—It forms the northern arm of the beautiful Bay of Dublin.

*c.* The Leinster Militia, a force organized for defence of the throne.

*d.* The favorite hound of Fionn MacComhal.



And hills, in old Phœnician tongue, *e*  
 His fine, pathetic, sublime tales  
 Of love and war, blind Osheen *f* sung,  
 Or told, near caverned cliffs on shore,  
 Malvina of the dark brown hair,  
 His father's deeds in days of yore,  
 Those epics still rehearsed in rocky  
 Ben-a-dair.

'Twas in that cycle when our Saviour's birth  
 Had clothed profusely all the climes of earth,  
 When nature smiled and wore her richest  
 dress

A queenly robe of verdant loveliness,  
 And every plant was fair and fruit and  
 flow'r  
 Were doubly sweet, to grace that happy  
 hour,

Serenely all the seasons rolled along,  
 But men joined not the universal song—  
 That Crimthan lay upon a heathy hill  
 And cooled his thirst beside a rippling rill  
 To rest him from the pleasures of the chase  
 And scan the panorama of the place—  
 Blackrock—Dunleary's crescent shore that  
 lay

Above the bosom of Ath-Cliath's *g* bay,  
 Killeney hill, that wild enchanting scene  
 Which seaward looks o'er Dalkey evergreen,  
 With Nassan's sacred isle—the other side,  
 Round towers and raths as far as Malahide.  
 Inland, luxurious were thy plains Fingal,  
 The Gilded Spears *h* their peaks lift over all,  
 And in the background of the glorious view  
 The undulating Wicklow mountains blue.  
 Thus while his vision ranged o'er land and  
 sea

With rapture on the sombre scenery,  
 He saw a white sail pass the bush-crowned  
 isles

And on the sandy beach a stranger spring,  
 Who by the bluffs and leafy, deep defiles  
 With wand in hand, pursued the bridle-  
 road,

And as he near the regal presence strode  
 'Twas known he was the Herald of a King,  
 And that, from costly presents which he  
 bore,

The flowing robe and badges which he  
 wore,  
 He must to Ben-a-dair some solemn message  
 bring.

Approaching with submissive pace  
 But graceful air and courtly grace  
 The type of peace an olive bough  
 And ivy green he held o'er head,  
 While fallow leaves entwined his brow  
 Low bowing to the king—he said—  
 "In golden letters Crimthan's name  
 Is written in the Books of Fame,  
 It reached us where the cliffs repel

The ocean's roar, and billow's swell,  
 But waves have come with crests of woe  
 Which brought with them a foreign foe  
 And crushed us in an evil hour;  
 The Eagles of the Roman power  
 Soared o'er our struggling host awhile  
 But now float o'er the northern Isle.  
 In vain we fought with bow and spear,  
 Still legions swarmed on front and rear,  
 No longer able to withstand  
 Battalions armed with fatal brand,  
 As allies and a kindred race *i*  
 Who've joined in battle and the chase,  
 O Monarch thus we ask thy aid  
 Ere Alba *j* sinks beneath the victor's blade.  
 As the words of the Pict were closed with a  
 sigh—

The soul of the king was proud—and his eye  
 Was bright, as the message fell on his ear,  
 He raised his war-cry as he grasped his spear  
 And shook it o'erhead as a sovereign would  
 Whose fame is from triumph and scenes of  
 blood;

Next morning from hill, fort, fastness and  
 glen

He gathered a host of valourous men;  
 His heart sympathized with a people's fall  
 The ills of a few or the wrongs of all,  
 And long had he wished in his day of might  
 To meet such a force, in defence of right.  
 "My glory will spread for the Bards will  
 sing

The chivalrous deeds of green Erin's king—"  
 He cried in the hall, as he struck his shield.  
 "To arms, on to arms, for camp or for field."  
 Then buckled on armour—the loud war-song  
 On strings of the harp was soon rolled along,  
 The hunters have left the hill of the roe  
 And changed the light spear for ashen cross  
 bow,

All mustered at sound of the clanging boss  
 Or sight of the Easchlagh *k* or fiery cross:  
 The skirmishing kerne are ripe for the fray  
 And Gallowglass follow in marching array

### MY GRAVE!

I ask no tear  
 Above my bier  
 When my spirit soars away,  
 But a silent prayer  
 From some kind one there,  
 Where the cold earth wraps my clay!

Nor stone to *lie*,  
 But the Cypress sigh,  
 And the robin's plaintive lay.  
 No pomp I crave,  
 But a sodded grave,  
 With the Sun's declining ray!  
 Oh, how sweet to rest  
 In a grave thus blest,  
 At the close of life's weary day!

W. F. —

*e.* The *Bearla Feni*, or most ancient language of Ireland.

*f.* Changed by MacPherson to Ossian.

*g.* Ancient name of Dublin.

*h.* Translated from the Irish name—as they retain-  
 ed the light of the sun after the rest of the landscape  
 was shrouded in darkness—now called the sugar  
 loaves.

*i.* The Picts were tributary to Ireland, and Crim-  
 than's wife was from North Britain.

*j.* Ancient name of Scotland.

*k.* A Courier, pronounced Asla.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

A. B.—Wants to know, how it happened that Europe during the "Ages of Faith," was so free from internecine wars as compared with the Reformation and past Reformation times?

Ans.—The bond of Catholic unity knitted all closely together; the Pope was the common father of all. Deeds of individual violence and oppression were indeed of frequent occurrence, for then, as well as in other ages, the ungoverned passions of men produced disastrous effects; but the wars of that period, if compared with those of a latter date, were little more than baronial feuds on a larger scale—the struggle in most instances of rival claimants of a crown, which a single important war never failed to decide. On such occasions, however, in lieu of the sword, it was not unusual to refer the cause to the arbitration of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose impartiality, love of justice, and zeal for the common welfare of Christendom, usually produced the most beneficial results, and softened down the absurd and wicked differences of factious monarchs—a service which in most cases understood by both parties, and the appreciation of which led to that influence so justly and Christianly exercised for ages by the heads of the Catholic Church. "Europe," says Lingard, "would have been plunged in perpetual wars, had not Pope after Pope labored incessantly for the preservation or restoration of peace; their legates spared neither journey nor fatigue to reconcile the jarring interests of courts, and to interpose the olive branch between the swords of contending armies."

MONTREAL.—Asks the names of the sovereigns contemporary with Henry VIII.

Ans.—They were Louis XII., and Francis I. of France; Pius III., Julius II., Leo X., Adrian VI., and Clement VII. of Rome; James V. and Mary of Scotland; Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; Maximilian and Charles V. of Germany; Emanuel and John III. of Portugal; Ferdinand the Catholic and Charles V. of Naples; Sigismund of Poland; Gustavus I. of Sweden; Bajazet II., Selim I., and Solomon II. of Turkey.

HENRY.—Asks the derivation of the word "Cabal."

Ans.—The derivation of this word is so commonplace that, THE HARP almost refuses to insert it. Still for the information of our respected friend and correspondent we would say that the word "Cabal" is derived from the initials of the five cabinet Ministers of Charles II.,—Sir Thomas Clifford, Lord Ashley, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Arlington, and the Duke of Lauderdale.

W. K.—A respected correspondent, wants to know the difference between the "Declaration of Breda, and the Treaty of Breda," or if a difference exists? We leave this question open for replies from our numerous correspondents.

GREENHORN.—To the Editor of "Notes and Queries," HARP Office.

SIR,—As I have almost battered my mathematical brains out for the last six months, in a vain endeavor to solve the annexed problem, you will confer a great favor by inserting it in the "Notes and Queries" department of the HARP;—prefacing it with the request, that some of your Montreal prodigies will give "Greenhorn" a Geometrical and Algebraical solution of same.

## PROBLEM.

From any number of given points, A, B, C, D, etc., to draw as many lines A P, B P, C P, etc. to meet in a right-line M N given by position, so that the sum of all their squares may be a given quantity.

## USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

SHORT CRISP BISCUITS.—One pound of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, three eggs, one tea-spoonful of Carbonate of ammonia dissolved in half a tea-cupful of milk; roll out thin, and cut into any shape.

PIE CRUST.—Three pounds of flour, half a pound of lard, the lard to be rubbed into a portion of the flour, and rolled into thin flakes; the remaining flour to be mixed quite stiff, in a little water, and then twice rolled out with these flakes.

SODA CAKE.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, six ounces of butter, six ounces of currants, one ounce of candied peel, a dessert spoonful of soda; to be mixed with half a pint of milk immediately before going into the oven.

RAISIN DUMPLINGS.—Three quarters of a pound each, of bread, flour, suit, and raisins; a little salt and ginger wet with a little water; divide them into eight parts and boil them two hours.

TO RESTORE FROSTED POTATOES.—Allow the potatoes to remain in pits, [if so placed], after a severe frost, till the mild weather has set in for some weeks, and allowing them to recover gradually. If once exposed to the atmospheric air, no art will recover frosted potatoes.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Toast the fleshy side of the outside skin of a piece of bacon, till it is crisp; then lay it on the ground at the root or stem of any fruit-tree that is infested with ants. Put something over the bacon to keep it dry; the ants will go under it, and fasten to it; lift it up quickly, and dip it into a pail of water.



## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

## SCIENCE—METEOROLOGY.

## CHAPTER II.

## OF THE WEATHER IN SUMMER AND WINTER.

As we have stated in Chapter I., there exist fixed rules about the weather; these rules are simple and easy to compute. But our computations are often disturbed by a great many circumstances beyond our reach, so much that we are governed more by exceptions than rules.

These latter are based on the position of our earth with regard to the sun. They are, therefore, easy to determine, for astronomy is a science resting on firm pillars; and although nothing in the universe is so far from us as the stars, yet there is nothing in the world so certain as our knowledge of the course of the constellations and their distances. Many of our readers may be surprised, perhaps to hear that we know more accurately the distance from the earth to the sun than the distance from Montreal to Quebec. Indeed, astronomical knowledge is the most reliable in the world. No merchant is able to measure a piece of cloth without being mistaken, to say the least, as 1-300 part; while the uncertainty with respect to distances of bodies in the solar system amounts to a great deal less than 1-300 part.

Our earth turns on its axis once in every twenty-four hours, and goes also round the sun once a year. But the earth's axis is inclined towards the earth's orbit—orbit is the circle which a celestial body describes in its revolution around another—in such a manner as to cause the earth, in its orbit round the sun, to be illuminated for six months on one side, and for six months on the other side of the earth. Hence it happens, that at the north pole there is a continual day during six months in the year, after which follows uninterrupted winter for the next six months; in the same way the day at the south pole last six months, and the night following the same length of time. In the middle between both poles, however, in the regions around the equator, the day

has throughout the year twelve hours; the night, of course, the same; while in the countries between the equator and the poles, the length of day and night is, through the whole year, constantly varying.

We, in Canada, inhabit the northern hemisphere; when, therefore, the time comes that the north pole has day for six months; we in North America, being situated about half-way between the equator and the North pole, enjoy long days and short nights. The inhabitants of those countries, however, situated on the southern hemisphere, have at the same time short days and long nights. But when the time comes that there is six months' night on the north pole and six months' day on the south pole, then will the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere have long days, and we long nights.

Intimately connected with the length of day and night are our seasons, especially summer and winter; for together with the sun's light heat is also called forth. During our long days, therefore, it is very warm with us, for the sun's rays heat the soil. During our short days we experience cold, because the warming light of the sun does not reach our earth directly. For this reason the northern hemisphere enjoys summer while the southern has winter, and *vice versa*, when we have mid-winter, people in the other hemisphere are in the midst of summer. When we are snowed up at Christmas, and seek joy and elevation by the cheerful fireside in the brightly-lighted room, we may, perhaps, think of our friends and relatives who have emigrated to Australia, and the question may occur to us, how things may be with them this cold weather, and how they are enjoying the holidays?

Now, would not the uninformed be surprised, if a letter were to arrive from Australia, written at Christmas, telling how the writer enjoyed Christmas in his vine-arbor, where he had sought shelter from the terrible heat of the day, and that he had but late at night gone to his room, and he could scarcely sleep then on account of the heat, and the longing for his former home in Canada, where he could always enjoy cool weather at Christmas.

The uninformed will now learn that

Australia lies in the southern hemisphere, while we are in the northern, and and that there they live in the midst of summer, while we are buried in snow. Nor will he now be surprised when he reads, that it snowed in Australia in the month of August, and that his friend or relative there reposed by the fireside, and read the letter from home by the light of the lamp, at the same hour that we were taking an afternoon walk in the summer shade.

The heat of summer, however, does not altogether depend upon the length of the day; nor does the cold of winter upon its shortness; but principally on this, that during summer-time the sun at noon stands directly over head; that therefore his vertical rays are enabled to pierce the soil with intense heat; while in winter-time the sun at noon stands nearer the horizon; his rays fall on the earth obliquely, therefore heating the soil with but feeble power.

We shall see in our next chapter, that this position of the sun exercises great influence upon the weather.

#### THE ATMOSPHERE.

IF the atmosphere be considered as a vast machine, it is difficult to form any just conception of the profound skill and comprehensiveness of design which it displays. It diffuses and tempers the heat of different climates. For this purpose it forms a circulation, occupying the whole range from the pole to the equator; and while it is doing this, it executes many smaller circuits between the sea and the land. At the same time, it is the means of forming clouds and rain, and for this purpose a perpetual circulation of the watery part of the atmosphere goes on between its lower and upper regions. Besides this complication of circuits, it exercises a more irregular agency, in the occasional winds which blow from all quarters, ending perpetually to restore the equilibrium of heat and moisture. But this incessant and multiplied activity discharges only a part of the functions of the air. It is, moreover, the most important and universal material of the growth and sustenance of plants and animals; and is for this purpose everywhere present, and almost uniform in

its quantity. With all its local motion, it has also the office of a medium of communication between intelligent creatures, which office it performs by another set of motions, entirely different both from the circulation and the occasional movements already mentioned; these different kinds of motions not interfering materially with each other; and this last purpose, so remote from the others in its nature, it answers in a manner so perfect and so easy, that we cannot imagine that the object could have been more completely attained, if this had been the sole purpose for which the atmosphere had been created. With all these qualities, this extraordinary part of our terrestrial system is scarcely ever in the way; and, when we have occasion to do so, we put forth our hand and push it aside, without being aware of it being near us.

If we attend but to one of the minor offices of the air—the production and propagation of certain pulses, which, falling upon the ear, produce sound—abundant material may be offered for instruction and admiration. How many delightful associations do we connect with sound! How many of the beauties and sublimities of nature! How much of the business and the pleasure of social life! The murmuring of waters, the whispering of winds, the sweeping of the blast through the forest, the rush of the cataract, the roaring of the ocean, and the voice of the thunder—these are a few of the distinctive characters of different objects which the atmosphere presents to us in so perfect a manner that we can distinguish any one of them amid a multiplicity of minor sounds. And then, how beautiful is that combination which makes up many a rural concert! The woodman's axe, the lowing of cattle, the cawing of rooks, the hum of insects, the distant village bells, the evening song of the thrush, (we must transport ourselves in spirit to dear old Ireland, to hear the song of the thrush), the bleating of sheep, sounds apparently unconnected, and some of them inharmonious, yet, taken with their poetical associations, can scarcely be heard without emotion. But the articulate character of sounds is for us one of the most important arrangements which exist in the world;



for it is by this, that sounds become the interpreters of thought, will, and feeling; the means by which a person can convey his wants, his instructions, his promises, his kindness to others; by which one man can regulate the actions, and influence the convictions and judgments of another. It is in virtue of the possibility of shaping air into words, that the imperceptible vibrations which a man produces in the atmosphere become some of his most important actions, the foundations of the highest moral and social relations, and the condition and instrument of all the advancement and improvement of which he is susceptible.

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QUESTIONS ON IRISH LITERATURE, &C.

1. Who wrote "The Old Bachelor," and "Love for Love?" What are their two most notable characters?
2. Where did Dean Swift receive his rudimentary education?
3. What name does he bear, and what rank does he hold in Irish literature?
4. Give the name and country of the writer who said:—He was the only English dramatist, who had had a play damned for its piety?
5. For what were Berkley and Mollyneux,—severally remarkable?
6. What great Irishman, elicited from Pope the exclamation—  

"This is the Jew  
That Shakspeare drew!"
7. Who is the greatest political philosopher in the English language?
8. Who wrote the best novel in the English language?
9. Who has written the *best* comedy, the *best* drama; the *best* farce; the *best* address; and delivered the *best* oration in the English language?
10. Name each of the above, and the great authority on whose pronouncement the world receives them as such.

THE ORIGINAL OF MAGNA CHARTA.—

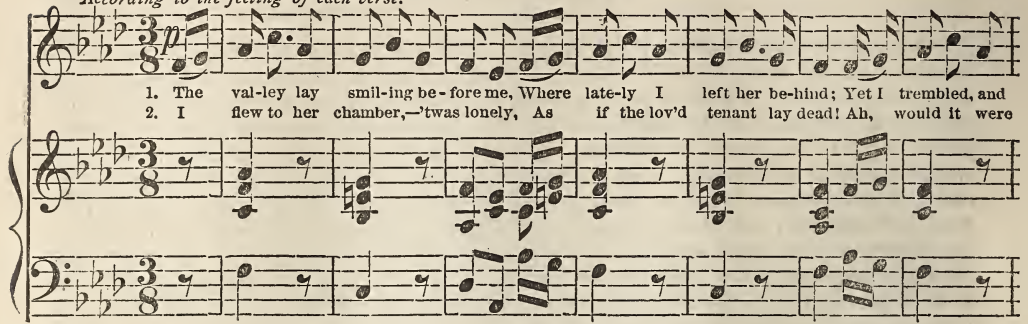
Every one knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor who was cutting it up for patterns. As this copy was certainly not unique, we should only have had to regret the loss of a curiosity. The valuable collection of the Thurloe State papers would probably have remained a secret to the world had it not been for the tumbling in of the ceiling of some old chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where those documents had, for some reason or other, been concealed. In the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Lee, the occult philosopher, lurked unsuspected for years. Many of the charming letters of Lady Mary Montagu, letters which are among the most delightful compositions ever penned, and which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography was all but lost to the world. It was known that when Lord Herbert died there were two copies of the work, one written with his own hand, and one transcribed by an amanuensis. But neither of them could be found. At last, in the midst of a mass of worm-eaten, moldy old papers at Lymore in Montgomeryshire, a gentleman came upon the original copy. Several leaves had been torn out, many others had been so stained by damp as to be all but illegible. Enough could be deciphered, however, to show the value of the work. The only hope was that if the duplicate could be secured it might supply the lacunæ of the original. But years rolled by and no duplicate turned up. In 1737 an estate belonging to the Herberts was sold. Some few books, pictures, and lumber were stored away in an attic, too worthless apparently for the purchaser to take away—and lo! among these was found the long-lost and much-desired duplicate. And thus did English literature possess itself of one of the most interesting autobiographies it can boast. Indeed, the late Lord Lytton used to say that there was no single book, of this kind at least, that he treasured so highly. Still more romantic was the discovery of Luther's [nasty] "Table Talk."—*Temple Bar*.

# THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

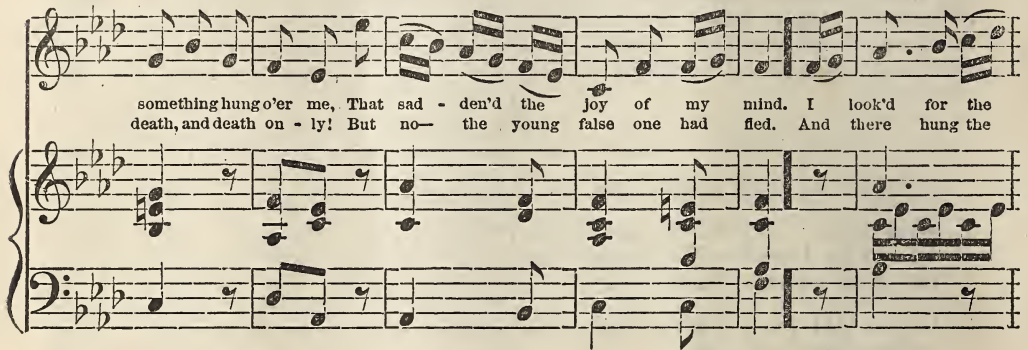
THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.\*

AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

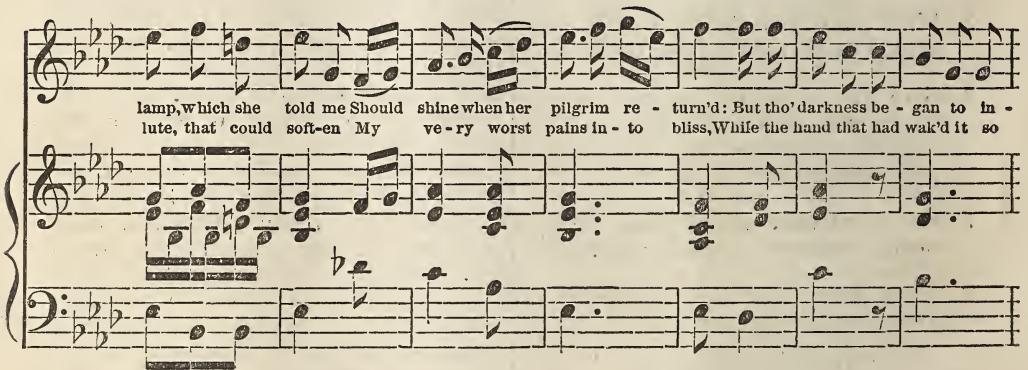
*According to the feeling of each verse.*



1. The val-ley lay smil-ing be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her be-hind; Yet I trembled, and  
2. I flew to her cham-ber,—'twas lonely, As if the lov'd tenant lay dead! Ah, would it were



something hung o'er me, That sad - den'd the joy of my mind. I look'd for the  
death, and death on - ly! But no - the young false one had fled. And there hung the



lamp, which she told me Should shine when her pilgrim re - turn'd; But tho' darkness be - gan to in -  
lute, that could soft-en My ve - ry worst pains in - to bliss, While the hand that had wak'd it so



fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burn'd.  
of - ten, Now throbb'd to my proud ri - val's kiss.

There was a time, falsest of women!  
When Breffni's good sword would have sought  
That man, through a million of foemen,  
Who dar'd but to doubt thee IN THOUGHT!  
While now—oh! degenerate daughter  
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!  
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her;  
And strangers her valleys profane;  
They come to divide—to dishonor,  
And tyrants they long will remain!  
But onward! the green banner rearing,  
Go! flesh every sword to the hilt:  
On OUR side is VIRTUE and ERIN,  
On THEIRS is the SAXON and GUILT.

\* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested, to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II. "Sneh," adds Giraldus Cambrensis, (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."